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FOLK-LORE

OF THE

MUSQUAKIE INDIANS OF NORTH AMERICA

AND

CATALOGUE OF MUSQUAKIE BEADWORK AND OTHER OBJECTS IN THE COLLECTION OF THE FOLK-LORE SOCIETY

87288

BY

MARY ALICIA OWEN

WITH EIGHT PLATES AND FIGURES IN THE TEXT

42

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PREFACE.

AT the meeting of the British Association at Toronto in 1897, a paper on the folklore of the Musquakie Indians was received from Miss Owen, the author of the following pages, who unfortunately was herself unable to be present. After the meeting was over, the paper in question was, with some others, forwarded by the recorder of Section H (Anthropology) to me, for examination with a view to publication by the Folk-lore Society. It was read at a meeting of the Society in the course of the following winter. But, while in some respects a valuable contribution to our knowledge of the tribe, it was short, and lacked the details desirable in a scientific account of the tribe. The writer was known to be intimately acquainted with the Musquakies, and it was obvious that the paper contained only a small part of the information she, and probably she only, could give. The Council of the Society therefore requested me to invite her to expand it. Accordingly I wrote to her. The result of the correspondence was that she not only acceded to the wish of the Council, but also with rare generosity offered to present to the Society her collection of Musquakie beadwork and ceremonial implements. This collection had been slowly accumulated during many years of direct personal intercourse with members of the tribe. The objects it contained were genuine products of native industry, and implements actually used in the religious ceremonies of

the tribe. Many of them, indeed, had grown obsolete in the gradual abandonment of the indigenous customs and civilization; and they were consequently impossible now to obtain. The gift, therefore, was one of special, if not unique, importance. The Council gratefully accepted an offer so generous, only asking that Miss Owen would add a formal Catalogue, to which her promised monograph on the tribe might be prefixed by way of introduction and further explanation.

The Collection reached the Society in the Spring of 1901. It was exhibited at a Joint Meeting of the Folk-lore Society and the Anthropological Institute held at the rooms of the latter on the 19th June of that year; and it was then placed in the University Museum of Archaeology and Ethnology at Cambridge.

The Monograph and Catalogue now before the reader complete the gift and ensure its permanent utility. The anthropological student with this book in hand will need no other reminder of the value of the collection for the history of culture. Under the name of Sacs and Foxes the Musquakies have played a part by no means contemptible in the struggle against the white race and its civilization. They have been beaten; and they are now a dying people. Their blood may be mingled with that of their conquerors, and thus their life may in some measure be perpetuated. But their ancient beliefs and institutions are passing away for ever. We cannot recover their details uncontaminated by European ideas. Miss Owen's account, however, is hardly the less valuable for that. It exhibits them as they were at the close of the nineteenth century, and comprises the more important traditions then preserved of their mythology and previous history. Together with the collection, it affords us a glimpse of the effect on the Musquakies of what Miss Kingsley called in an expressive phrase "the clash of cultures." The introductory paragraph of the Catalogue

describes the situation better than any words of mine could do so. It should be read and read again by all who desire to understand how archaic objects and archaic ceremonies and sayings survive among civilized and barbarous peoples alike; for it enshrines the very secret of Folk-lore.

Formal votes of thanks, such as have been passed by the Society, express but a small part of the sense of indebtedness which all students will feel towards Miss Owen for thus placing her collection and her unrivalled knowledge of the Musquakies at the service of science. In the Cambridge University Museum of Archaeology and Ethnology the objects will always be accessible for study. It is the earnest wish of the Society, as well as of the donor, that in this way the purpose of the gift may be fulfilled.

At the suggestion of Dr. Haddon, Miss A. Hingston made a large number of coloured copies of the bead-work patterns and forwarded them to Miss Owen, in order that the latter might endeavour to obtain further information from the Musquakies concerning them. This Miss Owen was kind enough to do, making a special journey from her home, St. Joseph, Missouri, for the purpose; and much fresh and most valuable information was forthcoming, which would never have been recovered had it not been for the trouble taken by Miss Hingston in making the drawings. The Society is indebted to Dr. Haddon not only for the original suggestion which elicited this additional information, but also for preparing, with Miss Hingston's assistance, the technical description of the objects figured.

E. SIDNEY HARTLAND.

HIGHGARTH,
GLOUCESTER, *8th August*, 1904.

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FOLK-LORE OF THE MUSQUAKIE INDIANS.

I.

MYTHICAL ORIGIN.

THE Musquakies, as they call themselves, Outagamies or Foxes as they are known to the whites and to the other Indian tribes within and without the great Algonquin family to which they belong, say that they are descended from a woman whom they call He-nau-ee (Mother). This He-nau-ee came down from the Upper World in a storm, the like of which has not been before or since, the sky and the sea struck each other, and rocks were ground into sand. When He-nau-ee fell into the water on her back the storm ceased, an island, "green [or blue—one word serves for the two colours] and fertile, with berries ready ripened for her use, and trees with acorns to make her bread, and sweet white roots easy to dig," rose up under her. On it, she told her children, she lived for eighty days. On the eightieth day she gave birth to two sons, who grew to manhood in a few hours, received some instruction from their mother, built a boat, and at sundown paddled over to the mainland, leaving her behind, because "she, the pleasant of speech and beautiful of face, looked from her eyes so terribly that they, the unfearing, sweated with fear." When they touched shore, they turned to see if she by magic was able to

follow, and saw her instead sinking with her island beneath the waves.

The Brothers ran a little way. When they stopped, the larger, Hot Hand, said to the smaller, Cold Hand: "I smell something I do not like; let us stop and fight with it." Cold Hand said: "Let us stop and fight with it." Then each tore up a young tree, for many trees grew on top of rocks in that place, stripped it of branches, smoothed and shaped it with the finger-nails, split the end with the eye [I don't know what this means, nobody would explain], fitted-in stone torn by the hand and bitten by the teeth, and made fast by the hair from his scalp-lock. The hair was not enough, so they felt poor in mind till a deer came, saying, "I give you," and gave them sinew from his leg. With the sinew the stone was made fast, a good spear was made, for not yet had the old women come to teach the Brothers to make bows.

The black thing was coming; they smelled him. Cold Hand said: "Shall I go?" Hot Hand said: "The stinking meat is for me to take." He spat on his spear. It was sharp; it took the Black Wolf coming, in the throat, in the breast, in the belly. Black Wolf could not make medicine; he was very sick. He said: "Take the skin." Hot Hand took the fine black skin. Naked, Black Wolf ran away. Hot Hand hung the skin on a tree, he had no wife to throw it to. Black Wolf, far off, danced and sang his song; the medicine cured him. At night he stole the skin.

The Brothers went on with a bad heart; they wanted the skin. After a while Cold Hand said: "I smell something I do not like; let us stop and fight with it." Hot Hand said: "Let us stop and fight with it." Cold Hand spat on his spear; it was sharp; it took Black Wolf coming, in the throat, in the breast, in the belly. Black Wolf was very sick. He said: "Take the skin." Cold

Hand hung the skin on his spear. Black Wolf ran away; he danced, he sang his song; the medicine cured him. The Brothers slept; he tried to steal the skin. The spear said: "Come up! come up!" Cold Hand waked. Black Wolf ran away; he was very cold.

Hot Hand said: "Give me the black skin. I took it." Cold Hand gave it. They went on. Hot Hand made the skin into a bundle; he tied it with grass, and with grass bound it upon his back. They crossed a river. Black Wolf was there; his medicine made the water black; he hid in it, he followed the brothers, he cut the grass ropes, he stole the skin, he made himself small, as fish-spawn he went down the river. Hot Hand was on the bank; he felt his back, he was ashamed that the skin was gone. He went on, not talking. When it was night he put himself to dream; he dreamed of the lake into which the river flowed; he saw Black Wolf in the lake. He waked; he went on with his brother. They went to the lake. Hot Hand fought with Black Wolf; he was at the water's edge; he had no time to make medicine, to change. Hot Hand took him in the throat, in the breast, in the belly. Black Wolf gave up the skin. At night he stole it from under Hot Hand's head. He made himself small like a young water-rat; he hid in the mud of the lake.

In the morning the Brothers went on; they went along the lake shore, for they could see the town of old women. They had no boat, no tree to make a boat. They made signs to the old women, but they came not.

In the day Cold Hand said: "I smell the wolf; let us stop and fight with him." He struck his spear into mud. He brought up Black Wolf on his spear; he spoiled his medicine. The spear made the rat-skin a wolf-skin; he took it away with him. At night he hung it on the spear. Black Wolf could not take it off.

In the morning Hot Hand said: "Give it to me; it

is mine." Cold Hand gave it to him. They walked by the lake. Black Wolf made himself into a vapour. The vapour rolled before the wind; it rolled past the Brothers; it took away the skin Hot Hand had tied on his shoulders. The vapour rolled over the lake; it changed to a louse; the louse went under the wing of a duck swimming on the lake. The duck swam to the middle of the lake; she dived to the bottom. Cold Hand said: "Let Black Wolf go; he has had enough." Hot Hand was ashamed. He said: "Go first, brother; you are first." Cold Hand would not go first.

They stopped; they called the old women. The old women would not help them. When the old women would not help them, the bird Hee-wa-nee-ka-kee came flying out of the woods with a twig; she beat on the twig till it was hollow; she blew on it with her breath till it was large; she made it a boat. The Brothers took the boat; they made an oar; they rowed on the lake. A dreadful large snake was in the lake; it rose up through the water; it showed its hard, white scales below its head with deer's horns; it had eyes dreadful with fire; it had teeth; it spat fire; it burned the Brothers. Hot Hand, his tears had not come; he made medicine with spittle; he spat in the snake's mouth; he spat on his burns; he spat on his brother's burns; he sent the snake to the bottom of the lake; he kept it there; he was well, his brother was well.

They went to the land; they saw old women digging in a field. "Give to us," they said to the old women. The old women said, "Yes" to them. To themselves the old women said: "These men are meat for the pots. Let us kill them." The Brothers heard them, but gave no sign (kept a hard face). "Take from the heap of roots on the ground," said the old women. They had bones in their hands to strike with. The Brothers bent down; they had their spears over their shoulders. The

spears caught the blows of the old women. The old women turned to stone.

The Brothers went on.

They saw other old women. The old women were cooking. "I smell something I like," said the Brothers; "give it." "Yes," said the old women. To themselves, the old women said: "These men are meat for the pots. Let us kill them." The Brothers heard them. "Take from the pot," said the old women. They had firebrands in their hands to strike with. "We are meat for the pot," said the Brothers; "we will go in, if you will go in when we come out." "We will go in when you come out," said the old women. The Brothers went into the pot, they cooled it with their breath, for their tears had not yet come. They stayed in the pot. Then they said: "It is time to get out." They jumped out. They said to the old women: "Get in, it is your turn." The old women were afraid, they would not go into the pot. The Brothers pushed them in. The old women were burned up, all but their thigh-bones. The thigh-bones the Brothers took with them.

They came to two old women winnowing parched corn, tossing it in a buffalo-robe. "I smell something I like; give it," said the Brothers. "Yes," said the old women. To themselves they said: "These men are meat for the pot. Let us kill them." The Brothers heard, they kept a hard face. The old women lowered the robe to the ground. The corn was in the middle of it. "Take," said the old women. The Brothers stepped on the robe. The old women tossed it high, brought it hard against the ground. The Brothers' spears struck the ground first, the Brothers came down softly on their feet. The spears touched the old women, turned them into corn-worms.

The Brothers went on, taking the robe with them.

They came to two old women pounding meal. Their

mill was a hollow log set on a stone. They pounded with hickory staves. "I smell something I like; give it," said the Brothers. "Yes," said the old women. To themselves they said: "These men are meat for the pot. Let us kill them." The Brothers kept a hard face. The old women took the staves from the mill. "Take from the mill," said the old women. The Brothers stooped over the mill. The staves of the old women struck hard, but the spears caught the blows. The old women were thrown into the meal, they became weevils in the meal.

The Brothers took the mill, they poured out the meal, they covered the top of the mill with the buffalo-hide, they played on the hide with the thigh-bones, they went on, drumming and singing.

Beasts and birds heard the drumming and singing, they came to the Brothers. The ones with bad heart fought the Brothers. The Brothers killed many. Some went away to make medicine for the hurts they had. The Brothers had no hurts.

They went into a valley. Four days and four nights (four suns, four sleeps) they were in the valley. Something came at night, it tore the drum-head, it tore the clothes of the brothers, it growled, it was Moo-in, the bear. They awakened, they ran, they saw no bear, by day they saw a fat old man sitting. They said: "Uncle, did you see a bear?" He looked at his paunch, he said, "Grandfathers, I see only myself." The last morning, Cold Hand said: "Brother, I see a fat bear at night, I see a fat man in the morning. There is grease in the tracks of the bear, let us see if there is grease in the tracks of the man." "Let us see," said Hot Hand. So when they came up to the man, and he said, "I see only myself," Cold Hand said: "See my spear, it is asking for you"; and he made the spear stand alone, he made it walk, he made it bend toward the old man. The fat old man ran, there was grease in his tracks. By

that they knew he had a devil in his nose, that he could have many shapes at night. Cold Hand ran, he caught the fat old man, he killed him before he could make medicine, he scalped him.

The Brothers went on.

Hot Hand said: "I struck first." [Meaning that he touched the dead body first. This blow is the *coup* which entitles whosoever gives it to the scalp, without any consideration for the one who dealt the death-stroke.] Cold Hand gave him the scalp.

They came to a wigwam made of elm-bark. An old man was in the wigwam by a great fire. He watched a stone pot that was in the midst of the fire. "I smell something I like; give it," said the Brothers. "Take it," said the old man, "if you will swallow as I pour, without cooling." "Give it," they said. The old man poured from the pot for Hot Hand, for Cold Hand. They drank, they had a glad heart, the broth did not burn them. "Let us make a trial," said the old man. "If I win, all is mine; if you win, all is yours." The Brothers said: "Let us make a trial." They tied the door, they piled wood on the fire. The old man sweated. The old man smoked. He made medicine, but he panted and thirsted. His roll of furs (on which he sat) was singed. The Brothers said: "We are not warm enough." They piled wood on the fire. The water in the jar boiled. The old man drank it, groaning. He screamed. "We are not warm enough," said the Brothers. They piled wood on the fire. The old man became a crow, he flew up toward the smoke-hole. [A wigwam has no outlet for the smoke of the fire built on its floor, but a hole in the centre of the roof.] The smoke strangled the crow, he fell and was burned up. The wigwam caught fire and burned up. The Brothers jumped out of the flames, they waited till the fire went out. They stirred the ashes with their spears, they found a crow's

heart, they found a crow's neck-bone. For good luck, they took them.

They went on.

At night, they slept in a wood. The trees were devils, they walked, they became men and women, the women made love to the Brothers; when the Brothers would not have them, they fought, the men-devils fought to help them. The Brothers could not make a fire to drive away the devils, the brush would not burn, but they fought with their spears, they overthrew, they pierced. By day, the devils were trees. Then the Brothers brought wood, they burned the trees. Then they made medicine, they made themselves well. They slept.

In the morning, they went on.

They saw an antelope. All day, they ran after it. It jumped over a ravine, it was gone. The Brothers jumped, they fell into the ravine, they fell through the bottom of it into a cave. The cave had in it the Ancestors [the ancestral animals]. The Ancestors sat round a fire. The Brothers saluted them, beginning with the Musquakie (Fox) and ending with the Ah-tha-ba-nee (Raccoon). Cold Hand saluted first. When the Brothers went down, Hot Hand fell on his back, Cold Hand fell on his feet, he saluted. Grandfather Fox (Hee-to-gwaw-Mus-qua-kie) saluted before the other Animals. Grandfather Raccoon (Hee-to-gwa-Ah-tha-ba-nee) saluted last. These were the Ancestors, the Animals: Fox (Mus-qua-kie), Eagle (Sclar), Bear (Moocha), Beaver (Ha-ma-qua), Fish (Na-ma-thee), Antelope (Esqua-ba-qua-wah-see-qua-thee-way), Raccoon (Ah-tha-ba-nee).

Let us make them *ma-coupee* [full of magic, fetish. Can't translate exactly]. Grandfather Fox said it.

"No," said the other Animals. "They will know too much, they will trouble us."

"They will help us," said Grandfather Fox.

"They will help us," said Grandfather Antelope. "It

is promised. They will have a new place. I dreamed it."

"Make them *ma-coupee*," said the Animals.

Grandfather Raccoon filled the pipe and gave it to Grandfather Fox. Grandfather Fox smoked. He gave the pipe to Grandfather Eagle. The Animals smoked in turn, Grandfather Raccoon last. He offered the pipe to Cold Hand. Cold Hand said: "To him first, he is Elder Brother." Hot Hand had it first, he passed it in his right hand across his left to Cold Hand, he fell down asleep. At the first whiff, Cold Hand trembled; at the second, he was faint; at the third, he was blind; at the fourth, he was breathless. He handed back the pipe as he was falling, he slept.

The Animals cut out their hearts, they cut out their livers, their lungs, their stomachs, their bowels, they purified all with water and the smoke of medicine, they returned them to the bodies. The Brothers slept a moon (twenty-seven days). They had dreams. The dreams told of the people to come, the Brothers' people. They awoke, they stretched themselves, they stood up. The Animals said: "Ho, Brothers." They were brothers to the Animals [received as equals by the Animals]. Their hearts were large, they were happy; they were sad in knowledge, their tears came. They remembered their dreams, they stood in a dark place together and talked of the dreams, they asked the Animals: "Do we go back? Do we go to the upper world?" "Not now," said the Animals, "you are not finished." The Animals made the Brothers fast nine days. The Brothers could not feel the sun, the Animals told them the days. The Brothers dreamed. They dreamed of their medicine [the fetish each was to wear under his left arm]. The fast ended, the Brothers were instructed. They learned the ceremonials for puberty, they learned the laws for the government of a tribe, they learned the laws of the secret

societies, they learned the dances, they learned all good magic, they learned to counteract the bad magic that had been taught to the tribes already made, by little devils (stha-och) and great devils (meitche-manito-og).

Eighty days from the day of the chase of the antelope, the Brothers were sent back. They were sent back to the Middle World. An eagle came down through the smoke-hole. The Animals called the eagle, they set the Brothers on him. The eagle flew up, he flew down, he sat under a tree. "Strip off the branches," he said to the Brothers. "Make a house of the branches." He flew away. They stripped off the branches, they made a house of the branches, a woven wee-ka-ya-up. They sat down in it, they said: "What is this for?" When they had sat awhile, Hot Hand said: "I got a louse from that bird." He scratched a lump swelling on his shoulder. "I got a louse from that bird," said Cold Hand. He scratched a lump on his side. The lump broke. Hot Hand took out a boy. The lump broke. Cold Hand took out a girl. The boy was the size of a duck's egg. The girl was the size of a plover's egg. They grew to be man and woman that day, they were given each other in marriage. In a year they had seven sons and seven daughters. From the seven sons and seven daughters came the seven clans of the Musquakies. The seven clans are named for the seven ancestral animals. The boy that was the first of the clan started the name. The seven boys that came first could each take the shape of his Animal (Totem). The oldest boy was a Mus-qua-kie, he gave his name to his clan, to the tribe; the others were under him. His father was Hee-to-gwaw (Grandfather), his mother was Hee-coo-nee (Grandmother).

The Brothers taught the boy and girl. They told them all the laws of the Animals. The boy and girl learned all the laws. Then the Brothers went on. They

went away to kill or conquer all the demons (wo-skay-pee-sku-nee-og), all the little devils[1] (stha-wah) and all the great devils (mitche-manito-wah), they left the boy and girl to build up the tribe.

[1] Creatures that make diseases in individual bodies. Great devils bring wars and pestilence, all the great evils. Demons are vampires, wer-wolves, nightmares, etc.

II.

ACHIEVEMENTS AND FATE OF THE BROTHERS.

THE Brothers went on. They went on to kill or conquer all the demons and devils. They saw a demon. He had no body; he was all head. He had teeth like bread-stones [the granite boulders on which the women mould their bread]. His mouth was a man's length, his nose high as a wild-cat's back, his eyebrows were great as a wolf-skin, his hair like a bull buffalo's hung down, his eye-holes eyeless a shield's size were. He slept. He slept where he wallowed a hole, his mouth open, his nose scenting prey a day's journey off. The sun made him sleep. He slept from sun up to sundown if no prey came. His prey was young children. He drew them by his tongue. His tongue had a snake's head at the end. He chewed the children, he sucked the blood, he spat them out. They became little devils, little devils that fly into the nose, the throat, the belly, and make the people sick and of bad heart, little devils no man can see but the medicine-man.

The Brothers sounded the war-cry — the cry the Animals taught them. The demon was far off, his name was Kee. He heard the Brothers; he rolled over hills and hollows four days. He came to them. Hot Hand struck first. Kee sang his song. The spear struck his teeth, it jumped back, it jumped back many

times. Cold Hand shed a tear on his spear; the spear told him to shed it. He drove the spear into Kee's mouth. He struck, all Kee's upper teeth fell in. He struck, all Kee's lower teeth fell in. He struck, Kee's tongue fell in; it leaped from his mouth; it hissed; it slipped in among the bushes. Hot Hand counted *coup* on Kee; but Kee was not dead, he rolled away, bleeding. His blood made biting, small beasts. Cold Hand said to Kee: "Go where the sun is not." Kee went there. He was the first to go. Now all bad men go. Hot Hand said: "I took him, he is mine." "I have dreamed. He is to you always," Cold Hand said. Cold Hand did not dream, he heard the spear talk.

The Brothers went on.

They fought more demons, they sent them to the place where the sun was not. The demons were blood-suckers. A demon was a leg, tall as a tree. He trampled people, the foot sucked blood. A demon was an arm, long as a blacksnake, the hand sucked blood. A demon was an ear, great as a hillside. The ear sucked in children, it sucked their blood. They fell out dry as old wood, they had moss on them, they were devils. All fought. The Brothers sent them to the place.

The Brothers went on.

They fought three women. The women had no heads. They had eyes in their breasts, they had mouths in their bellies. The women had spears. They fought hard; they gave out an odour. The Brothers fell down from the odour. Cold Hand said "Strike!" to his spear. The spear struck, it killed the women. The ghosts went to the place.

The Brothers went on.

They took many demons, many great devils, many small devils. The demons and devils could not hide well enough. The Brothers said: "All the Petuns, all the Ho-da-su-nee, all the people feared the demons and

the devils, let us go to them for our presents." The people hated the Brothers; they were jealous; the medicine-men made them jealous, they made them afraid. The people called all the demons and devils left, all the medicine-men, all the birds and beasts that knew sorcery [bad medicine, *ma-cou-pee-sku-nee*]. They went to a wood-of-trees-that-walk. They stayed all night; they had a council without a fire. Then they dared the Brothers with shouts. The wood-of-trees-that-walk would fall on the Brothers. The Brothers ran to the shouts. They met three women. The women gave them bows, and arrows that came back to the bows. The Brothers conquered many with the bows and arrows. They stood far off from the wood-of-trees-that-walk, and shot with the arrows that came back to them. They sang their song; they made the demons and devils they shot go to the place. The other demons and devils and the people ran away from the wood-of-trees-that-walk. They ran away at night. In the morning they had a council. They sent away Mar-ko-ga, the owl, to find the demons, Chee-nau-og, the makers of storms, eaters of men, with ice hearts, with hands cold as frost. The owl found the Chee-nau-og, he told them, then he was ashamed, he hid himself, he comes by day no more. The Chee-nau-og came; they fought the Brothers. Hot Hand conquered many; Cold Hand could not conquer. The Chee-nau-og made a storm—rain and snow—between the Brothers. They killed Cold Hand. Hot Hand did not know. He sang his song; he went on. Cold Hand did not come up.

Hot Hand went on.

He waited. He built a house there. He sat in the house looking out.

He searched. He could not find Cold Hand. The Chee-nau-og, running away, threw snowstorms behind

them; he could not find Cold Hand in the storms. His heart was weak; he could not make medicine strong enough to find Cold Hand. If he had found the body he could have called back the soul. He went back to his house he made. He sat down in the door; he wept and groaned. He sobbed and sighed, till the earth trembled and trees fell down. He sighed till the flat earth drew up into hills; he wept till his tears made rivers between the hills.

The people were frightened. They said to the medicine-men: "Make the dead alive! Be quick! This fellow we cannot kill will tear the world to pieces. Be quick." The medicine-men said: "We will make the dead alive." They worked hard for four days and four nights; they made him alive; they sent him to his brother. The brother was not pleased. Hot Hand said: "I am ashamed. They have heard me mourn. Everything has heard me mourn. I have lifted the ground into hills, I have torn up trees, I have made rivers of tears, I have groaned like a herd of bulls. You should have come sooner." Hot Hand stood up, he went into his house, and pulled [shut] the door. Cold Hand sat down outside the door. He was poor in mind; he did not know what was the thing to do, for he had not back the spear; he had not back the arrows and the bow. He stayed there. Hot Hand waited. He waited a long time. Then he pulled back the door-skin a little, and handed out a kettle, fire-sticks, tobacco, and a little whistle to call ghosts. Cold Hand took the things. He went away from that place. He followed the sun. The storms were gone. He went faster than the sun. He sat down on the edge of the world to dream. When he had dreamed he made a place for good souls. Before that they had no place; they blew about in the wind. Since that time death has been better than life.

Hot Hand went on.

He killed many little devils of bad dreams and disease; he conquered many demons, but he did not like the people any more. He was poor in heart for Cold Hand. He followed the sun over the road of ghosts; he sat down and dreamed of the good place of Cold Hand. He went on. He sat down in the road where it divided. He did not get up; he was tired. He is there now. He points the way to his brother's place to good souls; he points the way to the cold, wet place of the demons and devils to bad souls.

III.

LEGEND AND HISTORY.

PRECISELY when the Musquakies associated themselves with the Sacs, is not set down on the "winter counts," as the hieroglyphics painted on skins or bark as memoranda for the historians and poets are called. The first white settlers stated they found them separate nations in Canada. The missionaries, Allouez, André, and Marquette, preached to them as distinct tribes on the banks of Lake Superior, in 1669, 1670, 1671. La Salle and Hennepin quarrelled with the Outagamies, as Hennepin called them, in 1679, and afterwards made a feast for them. No mention is made of Sacs being concerned with either wrangle or feast. Parkman, referring to the "Relation de la défaite des Renards par les Sauvages Hurons et Iroquois le 28 Fév., 1732" (*Archives de la Marine*), which gives an account of the slaughter of the Outagamies in their villages along the Wisconsin River by bands of Iroquois, Hurons, and Ottawas, adds: "It may be well, however, to mention another story, often repeated, touching these dark days of the Outagamies. It is to the effect that a French trader named Marin, whom they had incensed by levying blackmail from him, raised a party of Indians, with whose aid he surprised and defeated the unhappy tribe at the Little Butte des Morts, that they retired to the Great Butte des Morts, higher up the Fox River, and that Marin here attacked

them again, killing or capturing the whole. Extravagant as the story may seem, it may have some foundation, though various dates, from 1725 to 1746 are assigned to the alleged exploit, and contemporary documents are silent concerning it. It is certain that the Outagamies were not destroyed, as the tribe exists to this day.

"In 1736 it was reported that sixty or eighty Outagamie warriors were still alive (*Memorie sur le Canada*, 1736). Their women, who when hard pushed would fight like furies, were relatively numerous and tolerably prolific, and their villages were full of sturdy boys, likely to be dangerous in a few years. Feeling their losses and their weakness, the survivors of the tribe incorporated themselves with their kindred and neighbors, the Sacs, Sakis, or Saukies, the two forming henceforth one tribe, afterwards known to the Americans as the Sacs and Foxes. . . ."

In a footnote he adds, "Outagamie is Algonquin for Fox. . . . They called themselves Musquakies, which is said to mean red earth, and to be derived from the color of the soil near one of their villages."

As to this last statement, I don't know what Algonquin tongues may call a fox "Outagamie," I do know, however, that "Musquakie" means "Fox," whether reference is made to the animal or the tribesman, in Saukie, Kickapoo, and Musquakie, though the Saukies (Saukie-ock, to speak the plural as they do) say jokingly that Geechee Manito-ah made the Saukie out of yellow clay and the Squawkie out of red. Furthermore, the Musquakies claim that they never had any other name than Musquakie, that their neighbours called them Outagamie-ock, other-side-of-the-river-people, when they lived on Fox River. They deny emphatically that they received the name "Fox" only after they were driven to the river by the Iroquois.

Here is the story repeated four times a year by the

tribal historian, at the council-fire: After the Brothers went away, the parents of the seven sons and seven daughters dwelt quietly in the wood near the sea-shore. They lived to see many generations of their descendants, and to hear their warrior-grandsons boast how they had harried the wicked tribes that requited evil for good with the Brothers. Among these warriors was a young sub-chief called Bull Buffalo [a posthumous child probably, though this is not in the recital, for "the-man-who-never-has-seen-his-father" is always a prophet]. Bull Buffalo, at the time of his nine days' fast, had a vision which showed him the young tribe moving westward, meeting and associating itself with an older people, as had been foretold in the beginning by the Brothers. The "sign" was to be a white buffalo which should appear and run back and forth between the Musquakies and the encampment they were to approach, and then disappear as mysteriously as it came. All this came to pass, the historians assure us; and the two tribes were as one until, in 1833, the Musquakies returned to that part of the country of the Illinois now known as the State of Iowa.

The more prosaic account of the Sacs is that a band of the Musquakies rebelled against a cross old chief, set out to seek their fortune, wheedled a company of girls whom they found gathering blackberries, into marrying them, went home to live with their mothers-in-law and, eventually, assembled all their poor relations under the tent-poles of their prosperous relatives-by-marriage.

I do not believe that this last story is intended to be taken seriously. The Sacs are, in contrast with their saturnine neighbours, the Kickapoos, and their rather grave allies, the Musquakies, a very waggish people, delighting in practical jokes and anecdotes nicely calculated to rouse vehement protests and denials from the

subject of them. The one point in favour of the statement is that the Musquakies, although they speak of the Fox as their most revered totem, have their chiefs from the Eagle Clan as do the Sacs from *their* Eagle Clan. Even this, however, is not conclusive. Bull Buffalo, the prophet, is spoken of as a sub-chief. Judging from his name, he must have belonged to a Buffalo clan. There is no clan of that totem now, nor any tradition of one; but how else could he have come by the name? To be sure, it is possible that the Bear clan may have included in its nomenclature all the larger game animals; but it is not probable.

On one fact all stories agree: that the Hurons and Iroquois, with some assistance from those pale-faces of whom it is said that upon landing in America they "fell on their knees and then on the aborigines," found the tribes allied not amalgamated, and drove them inch by inch westward to the shores of Lake Superior, and there, the French, unwilling that their strength should be added to that of the red men already in possession, attacked them, and crowded them southward, along the valley of the Mississippi. From that last ill came good. In the great wooded prairies of that rich basin, they found game and food in abundance, the climate was more genial than any to which they had been accustomed, the water of the rivers was pure and many medicinal springs were found, so that in their new environment they had much comfort and their numbers multiplied in spite of occasional warfare with the Dakotahs, their kinsfolk the Kickapoos and Chippeways, their friends of other days the Shawnees, and bands of their ancient enemies the Iroquois, whom they blessed the British for smiting.

So well did they love the British for breaking the power of these tyrants of the red races that they took no part with Pontiac when he persuaded the Sacs to join his conspiracy in 1763, and in 1776 and 1812 they

gave up the safe role of neutrals and fought valiantly for King George and the Regent.

From 1814 to 1832 they were comparatively peaceful, the occasional hair-lifting of their relatives and neighbours being on so small a scale as to count for nothing more than a family jar. But, in 1832, under the leadership of Black Hawk, the Sac chieftain, they rose once more against the United States, this time, for a wrong so grievous that they must have the sympathy of all who love fair dealing. A few years before, a member of the allied tribes killed a companion. The white government agent sent him to St. Louis to be tried for murder. According to their custom, the relatives of the prisoner sought to buy his life from the relatives of the dead man; but the agent had taken the matter out of their hands. The relatives supposed there was but one way of settling such difficulties; consequently, they entrusted the bundle of rich furs, beadwork and wampum to certain sub-chiefs, and sent them to St. Louis. There, the sub-chiefs were spoken fair by some in authority, their presents were received, they were offered such hospitalities as dram-shops afford and gave themselves up to the enjoyment of them. At the end of a month, they returned to the tribes, a sickly, shame-faced, sorry lot. When questioned, they confessed that they were drunk for a week, at the end of this time, they became sober enough to ask that the prisoner they had, as they thought, paid for, be delivered to them. His prison door was thrown open, but when he passed through it he was shot down. Something was said about his having had a trial, but the sub-chiefs were still too muddled by their potations to understand, or even to take charge of the body or know what disposition was made of it. The worst of their mischief they did not confess. Perhaps they were not aware that they had committed it. Months later, the head chiefs were confronted with a

document which vested the title of their best lands, their hunting-grounds, the sites of their principal villages and, most dreadful of all, their burying-grounds, in white men unknown to them. This paper was signed by the sub-chiefs, that is, each of them had scratched a cross on it in the presence of witnesses. The head-chiefs and their councils protested that sub-chiefs had no power and authority to make either deeds or treaties, and the matter rested for a while. Finally an order with soldiers behind it came for the Indians to move on. The two tribes, with Black Hawk, the war-chief elected by them, at their head, in spite of the warnings of Keokuk, the shrewdest of the chiefs, resisted the order, and, as a preliminary, killed the agent and several liquor-dealers who infested the land in dispute. The result was inevitable. The red men, as usual, were overcome and driven from their homes, Christian civilisation filled their place in what is now known as the State of Iowa, and the savages were located on what is now known as the Brown County (Kansas) Indian Reservation. All the Sacs submitted to the change, but the older Musquakies were not allowed to sit down and eat out their hearts with home-sickness. There followed what is known as the "Revolt of the Squaws." This was the cause of it: In the cold, wet Spring of 1831, nearly all the children of the two tribes had the measles, a disease introduced by the white settlers, and treated by the Indian medicine-women with the universal remedy, an hour or two in the sweat-lodge followed by a cold bath. Nearly every child died and was buried, not with the older people on the hill-tops, but in the path leading from the wigwams to the river. The little children as well as the very aged, so the Indians believe, cannot find their way to the Spirit Land, they must be led by their next of kin, and the freed spirit of the adult must linger near its former home until started down the ghost-road by the ghost-carrier.

The mother who dies far from her baby's grave loses her darling for ever, the mother who keeps near it has two chances for happiness. As she goes over the grave in the path, she may absorb the little soul and have it born again of her body; or if this is denied her, she may have the little spirit flit to and fro as she goes about her work, though it may not enter her habitation. "We go back to the children," said the bereaved Musquakie mothers, "the men may go or stay." They set out, and the men followed and overtook them.

They made no effort to regain their rich fields and wooded hills. They took an humble place along the river banks, on the marshy flats from which the sun stewed the pestilent vapors that engendered ague and all the malignant fevers attendant upon malaria, and lived there with their baby-ghosts and their dire poverty, unmolested by the white people until the village of Tama expanded into a city and the wet land was worth draining and dividing into town lots. Then, it was too late for the white man to lift the burden of ownership. The Musquakies had deeds to their mud and malaria. They had made a little money by hunting water-fowl and muskrats, fishing, basket-weaving and other simple arts, and with it they had bought from the government the tract so long considered worthless, at the rate of six shillings the acre. Later, from discontented settlers, they purchased five farms lying across the low hills and shallow valleys. Still later, Providence sent them a friend in the person of an agent who helped them to fill out the tale of three thousand acres, their present holdings, claiming and obtaining for them a portion of the sum paid for the State of Iowa so unwillingly relinquished by the Sacs and Foxes. The sum though small when the land was ceded, had been at interest for over half a century, and interest and principal were more than enough to buy back all the old paths to the river, all

the old grave-sites on the hills, the old dance-grounds and some, at least, of the fields where the sacred corn for the meal of sacrifice was planted. From being the humblest of the red people, refugees who oftentimes knew what hospitality was from a poignant experience of what it was not, the Musquakies have become secure landed proprietors who feel their importance. They have their summer homes of elm-bark on the hills and their winter homes of closely woven tules covered with cowskins along the river bank; they have some money at interest; they can, and do, offer the hospitality their souls delight in—indeed, their guests are their undoing though they will not acknowledge it. Wily Pottowattomies have taught their young men to gamble away their ponies and ornaments at faro, and a white visitor started an epidemic of smallpox, that has reduced their numbers, in the last year, from four to three hundred men, women and children.

IV.

GOVERNMENT.

THE tribe is a limited monarchy. Its head is an hereditary chief of the Eagle Clan. Its parliament is the head-chief's council and the councils of the sub-chiefs who preside over the seven clans into which the tribe is divided. Its cabinet is the body of "Honourable Women."

The descent of the headship is from father to son, though, as tribal history attests, there was a time when the inheritance passed over a man's children to his sister's oldest son, or, if he had no nephew on the female side, to his brother of the same mother, or, if he had no brother of the same mother, to his mother's sister's son.

The sub-chiefs also are of the Eagle Clan. When one dies, his place is filled, not by his son, but by the head-chief's next-of-kin who is not already at the head of a clan.

The supremacy of the Eagle Clan gives rise to a suspicion that at some distant date a war-chief chosen from that clan must have usurped the headship and divided all the lesser offices among his relatives; else why, if the Fox is the most revered totem, is not the headship from the Fox Clan, and why are not the other clans ruled each by a man of its own particular totem? It may be urged that the historian of the tribe has nothing to say on the subject, but some history, it is known, has been

lost by the death of an historian before his successor was fully prepared to take his place.

The head-chief's council consists of the head-shaman, the war-chief, the seven pipe-keepers—who are old men chosen from the whole tribe without reference to their totems, because of their fortitude, bravery, calmness, dignity, shrewdness and honesty,—all sub-chiefs who are heads of clans, all other sub-chiefs who are "whole"—that is, all the head-chief's male relations who are not heads of clans, who are over seventeen years of age and not crippled, maimed, deaf, dumb, blind from infancy, insane, feeble-minded, or condemned to wear women's clothes, and the tribal historian unless he is also a chief or pipe-keeper.

This council must assemble round the council-fire four times a year: at corn-planting, mid-summer, first-frost, and mid-winter. It may assemble as often as the head-chief desires or requires advice on matters of public interest which concern either the tribe or a portion of its members. Its province is to make treaties, buy, sell, or rent lands, settle disputes after the lesser councils have failed, give decrees of divorce, and listen and cause every member of the tribe to listen when the historian chants or declaims the history of the Ancestors and the genealogies and worthy deeds of the chiefs and other great men living or dead.

A council generally lasts from one to four days. On the day appointed for it to begin, the women bring great quantities of fuel to the spot selected for the fire—usually, an open space in a grove—and then retire to a sheltering clump of brush or saplings, from which coign of vantage they covertly watch the efforts of two old men who have been sent by the councillors to kindle a flame in the old-time way with fire-sticks. The work is arduous, but the old men never fail to have a fine, clear blaze in time for the first assembling of the council,

that is, a little before sunset. The members of all the councils having assembled at the head-chief's house, to which they were bidden to repair several days previously, by messengers sent by the chief, at a nod from him follow him, in single file, in order of rank, to the council-fire. When they are yet a little way from it, the "most honourable woman," that is, the woman who has borne and reared the largest number of able-bodied sons, advances with a brand she secured as soon as the two old men retired from the scene of their labours, flings it on the blazing heap "from the sun side"—the west. Then she and her fuel-gatherers take possession of their mats, spread a few feet away, and squat low with their necks sticking out of their blankets so that they look like a row of turtles. The head-chief stops north of the fire while the head-shaman, muttering prayers as he goes, marches stiffly to the east of it and, with his unwinking gaze fixed on the setting sun, throws into the flames as an offering to the god, four precious blue wampum beads. This done, he moves a stride to the south to make room for the head-chief, slips round behind him and takes the place of honour on his right. Then, the other members of the council complete the circle and all sit down on the ground.

(This assemblage looks very neat, and extraordinarily ugly, shrouded in plain grey or white blankets, and without paint, or ornament if we except the "medicines" of the scalp-lock.)

Outside this circle sits another, composed of the members of the sub-chiefs' councils, who are present as a mark of respect to their leaders. Behind these, stand the young men and "police."

As soon as the councilmen are in their places, the young Eagle on the left of the head-chief rises, takes the Eagle pipe from the pipe-keeper, fills it with killi-kinnick (a mixture of tobacco, bark of the red willow,

and leaves of the creeping wintergreen), lights it and hands it to the chief, who takes four whiffs and blows them toward the sun, after which he hands the pipe to the shaman. The shaman blows one whiff to the west, the other three, north, east, and south. He gives the pipe to the war-chief who blows his four whiffs to the four points of the compass. His example is followed by the others in turn. The empty pipe is returned to the keeper. When very important business is to be considered, all of the clan-pipes are smoked, but after the first, the chief offers the smoke to the four cardinal points as do the others. When the business is of moment to the whole tribe, the pipes are passed to the second circle, but its members take no part in the subsequent deliberations unless called as witnesses. Occasionally, the pipe-keepers themselves hand the pipes to the chief. I have never been able to obtain a reason for this variation of usage. After the pipes, any business is discussed except divorces. They are always considered in the morning. This first meeting is from sunset to sunrise as a rule, though one has been known to continue from sunset to sunset, or longer.

The pipes are smoked every evening through which the council lasts. When it is ended, the squaws put out the fire by covering it with sods. The ashes are then gathered up by the shamans, who use them as medicine.

Between discussions, the historian rises up and gives a chapter of tribal history.

The chief has the casting vote, but he is apt to cast it as the shaman advises.

If there is dissension and ill-will among the members, the chief dismisses the council and calls another meeting after the Religion dance.

As before stated, the office of head-chief is hereditary. Nearly always he is the object of reverent affection; but there have been instances of revolt, when he was set

aside and his heir put in his place. There is no installation ceremony. When a man becomes the head by death or revolution, he calls together the councillors of his predecessor, and the work goes on as if there had been no change. If compliments, rebukes, or warnings are his due, the old men bestow them at the Religion dance. As to his powers: he calls and dismisses councils, gives the casting vote, and exercises much the same rights as are vested in the chairman of a committee of pale-faces.

The shaman holds his place by virtue of his natural gifts, supplemented by his predecessor's training. He may be of the lowest family or the highest. A shaman, ever on the alert for a worthy disciple and assistant, sees a boy of six years or over, whom he judges to have the necessary qualifications, and claims him as his own, a claim readily allowed by his delighted relatives, for it does not take him over from their clan to that of his instructor. If he is the chief's heir, so much the better, his "medicine" will make him the better chief and compel greater respect for his authority. Sometimes, however, the shaman comes not in by the door of his predecessor, but over the wall as it were. The present head-shaman, Nekon-Mackintosh, was left a destitute orphan who wandered from wigwam to wigwam, kindly enough treated but no one's especial charge till he caught the fancy of a white physician, who found it less difficult than he would have done in an ordinary case, to take him away from his people and rear him in his own family. The boy slept in a bed, ate at, and not on,[1] a table, wore the raiment of civilization, went to church and to school, studied medicine and bade fair to take his foster-father's place, but—"Once an Indian, always an Indian." When he came of age he deserted

[1] The savage who dines from a table does not sit or stand by it; he squats on the top of it with the food at his knees.

Dr. Mackintosh, though he kept his name, and went back to the tribe, where he put his knowledge of Chemistry, Botany, and Medicine to such good use that he is to-day the greatest man, not only among the Musquakies, but among the allied tribes as well, that has appeared among them since the prophet-chief, Wah-ballo. Be it understood, he is not carrying civilization to his people, he took the initiation of manhood with an accompaniment of tortures entirely optional, he feigned illness to learn the secret of the shaman's magic. Now, he practises every art of the ancient sorcery with such additions as his scientific knowledge may suggest, leads the Medicine-dances, and is a walking museum of talismans and fetiches.

Beside the shaman sits the war-chief, whose title comes to him by election. He is the general of the little army, a leader, of any family or no family, chosen by the votes of the braves, to command them as long as he leads them to success. The present incumbent of the place is very old, and, without doubt, will be the last to fill it.

The keepers of the pipes are graduates from the sub-chiefs' councils. Each is elected by the council of his clan or totem to this sacred office, which gives him a seat at his sub-chief's right hand in the minor council, and adds him to the number of the head-chief's advisers. His house, after he becomes custodian of the pipe, is as sacred as the dance-house. In it must be no light and frivolous conversation, no jests, no telling of obscene stories, no censoriousness, no love-making. His wife may cook, make, mend, or wash in the wigwam on whose wall hangs the pipe in its case; but she may not gossip with her friends there, nor receive the mother of her daughter's lover when that anxious dame comes to treat of marriage. When her husband's high honour turns her out, she builds a new house beside the old one

and into it moves her blankets, children, cats, and dogs. Thither, her lord is glad to follow her for his hours of rest and recreation. The one hardship for both is the amount of fuel required. It is a man's business to cut down the tree, which the woman drags home and partly into the family dwelling, that is, she brings the trunk to the middle of the wigwam, directly under the smoke-hole, sets fire to it, and takes what precaution she can against the smoke settling or whirling about by tucking the door-flap closely around that part of her fuel supply which makes exit or entrance a peril to the unwary. If two wigwams are kept, one for the deliberations of the sage and his colleagues, the other for his lighter moments with his family, of course, two trees are required where formerly one sufficed, and it would never occur to man or woman to cut one tree in two, or into convenient lengths. The Musquakie Adam and Eve probably made a fire at the base of a tree and after it fell, continued at their need, to drag its length over the embers till what had been its topmost twigs were reached, and —"Are not the ways of the ancestors the good ways?"

The historian is the man who, as a boy of six, had the best memory of any one of his age in the tribe. When an old historian dies, the young one whom he has trained to take his place immediately chooses *his* successor, not to the child's satisfaction as a rule, for it means long hours of study with his master instead of the games his soul loves with his mates. It is a pity really that the master does not have a class in history instead of one pupil, for sometimes the pupil dies when the master is old, and there is not time for the proper training of another, and so much is lost, or, at best, kept imperfectly in plain and brief narration, in place of chants. Once both the historian and his pupil died. Then was confusion and dismay. Every one hears the lore four times a year at the councils, between the

deliberations of the chief and his councillors, and fragments of it every time there is a dance or social gathering; but it is not in colloquial language, but in a stately old speech of words, minutes-long and difficult both of pronunciation and remembrance. Some could remember one passage and some another, but no man, even with the aid of the bundle of the "winter counts," could piece out the Æneid of the tribe. At this moment of despair came forward a lame boy of low degree, who had been in the habit of warming himself at a slit in the back of the historian's tent. He had heard the instructions given the young man, and so profited by them that he was ready to train a new historian. Although so young and a cripple, his grateful people broke rules for once, gave him the right of manhood in spite of his infirmity, and set him in the council as historian, next the keepers of the pipes and above the young men of the chief's family.

The clan-chiefs do a good deal of talking during the deliberations, and are at liberty to interrupt the historian, and ask him to hasten his speech or change his theme. They seldom rise to talk; in fact, nobody in the circle talks standing, except the historian.

The sub-chiefs who are not clan-chiefs have nothing to say; they are merely garnering wisdom.

The members of the second circle do not talk, but they have the right to express themselves by signs. As the Indian sign-language is almost as copious as the spoken one, free speech is but slightly restricted. All sit, but if the pantomimist is behind the man he wishes particularly to impress, he has the privilege of changing his seat.

There is a third circle, composed of young men and the four "police," who are elected yearly after all other business is attended to, to act as messengers and keep the peace. The men of this circle stand. They never

speak unless called on as witnesses, and never stir unless sent on some errand.

Outside of this picket is a rabble of gossips and listeners, consisting of the very old, the very young, and the unconsidered of both sexes.

Standing in a huddled group to the south or east, is generally a wretched band of hungry and feverish youths who, on the morrow, are to receive the rite of manhood.

The "cabinet," the "Honourable Women," squatted on their mats north of the fire, look meek enough, but woe betides the aspirant for tribal honours who presumes on this. They keep a discreet silence; but the greater number of cases to be tried *they* have tried already in the privacy of the family wigwam, and though each councillor may doubt what may be his fellows' vote, his wife, the "honourable woman," has no doubt of his, and has already told the "most honourable" she of the greatest number of grown sons, what may or may not be expected of him. Famous are these august mothers—no childless woman is among them—for turning public opinion this way or that. Though decorum forbids them to engage men in public debate, they meet together and agree on certain measures, privately urge them upon the man or men of their households, and, if uncertain of a sister's eloquence or influence, talk them over within hearing of the doubtful or opposing councilman as if bent on convincing one another without reference to him. They are not elected to a place on the prayer-mats. When a woman has a healthy son old enough to marry, and one or two sturdy rogues several years his junior, she takes her place as a matter of course.

There is but one injustice to women in this tribe: even the most honourable woman may not stand where the two outer circles open opposite the chief, and testify for

or against the complainants standing there, unless she be the sole witness to a murder.

A sub-council is an informal affair. Its members are invited by the sub-chief at the head of the clan to meet him whenever he feels the need of advice, in front of his wigwam if the weather is good; in it, if rain or snow is likely to put the fire out. The fire for an out-of-doors meeting is made by the women of the sub-chief's household with coals from the fire that burns in the middle of his wigwam. If the meeting is in-doors, the fire by which he eats and sleeps serves. The ashes of either fire are not medicine, but after the council the men play a gambling game in them. The members of the council are the medicine-man if the clan has one, the pipe-keeper, the sub-chief's grown-up sons, and the best old and middle-aged men in the clan. Every one takes four whiffs at the clan pipe, after which business is in order. Generally the cases tried are unimportant, but every complaint or dispute is listened to with close attention.

As a postscript I must add that the pipes I have referred to are the peace-pipes. Formerly the tribe had four hatchet or war-pipes; now it has but one. Where that one is kept no one will tell me. Its whereabouts (except when on rare occasions it is made a feature of the little historical drama, "Burying the hatchet") is almost as much of a secret and mystery as that of the "Mee-sham," or covenant with the gods.

V.

BELIEFS.

THE Musquakies pay homage to four gods, seven totems or patron saints, and an uncountable number of demons, devils, sprites, and ghosts.

The gods are the good manito-ah who dwells in the sun, the bad manito-ah who is lord over that cold, slippery, wet cavern in which bad souls are imprisoned, and the Brothers whose places are described elsewhere. Geechee Manito-ah, the good god, created all things, gave to each a soul, and ordained that a soul should belong to every work of man's hands. He always was, he always will be. No one knows whether, in the first place, he made the world or not, but it is known that twice he nearly destroyed it—once by fire, once by water. When he created the Ancestral Animals he made twelve, though his first intention was to have but eleven. The first man he made was so badly done that he threw it down on its face and called it "Turtle." Then he decided not to have a man for an Ancestor, but as he did not wish to stop with anything as ugly and awkward as Turtle[1] he made Raccoon. When he breathed the breath of life into the clay figures he breathed too fiercely, and set not only the Animals, but all the world on fire. After he had extinguished the conflagration with a tear he found nothing left alive but

[1] Turtle was the eleventh animal of the first creation.

Turtle. The fire had hardened his once soft and hairy back into a shell, but otherwise he had undergone no change. This pleased the Geechee Manito-ah so much that he told Turtle to choose any boon in the power of a god to bestow. Turtle said: "Give me a tail. All the other animals you made had tails. The fox had the best one of all; give me one like his." Geechee Manito-ah made answer: "You may have a tail, but a bushy one like the fox's would wear out as you dragged it along the ground. Accept a smooth one." Turtle took a smooth one, and was content. Then Geechee Manito-ah said to Turtle: "You shall be grandfather to all; you are the eldest." This is why the Delaware Indians are called Grandfathers by the other tribes, their chief totem is the Turtle.

After the fire was out and the world cooled off, Geechee Manito-ah again created Totems like those destroyed by his breath, and all other things, except the Snake (Wau-kau-thee). Wau-kau-thee was a part of him. A portion of his body being in his way, he tore it off. Immediately it glided, hissing, into the bushes, and from thence made its way to a cave in the top of a high hill. Ever since it has been known as the great Rain-Serpent. When it puts its head out of the cave and draws in its breath it sucks up the moisture of the clouds and springs. As long as it has its head out no rain falls, the pools and little streams are dried up, the waters of the rivers are low and unwholesome. When it draws in its head and goes to sleep, all is well again. It made itself a wife of a dead tree-branch, and became the ancestor of all snakes; consequently the human being who kills a snake will bring on a drought and a pestilence of worms, caterpillars, and insects (which sprang originally from the slime left by Wau-kau-thee as he crawled up the hill). No harm results, however, from allowing hogs to eat the reptiles.

After the second creation, Geechee Manito-ah breathed very softly on all he had made, so as to give life instead of destroying flames. When he looked and was satisfied with his work, he had Partridge build him a round boat, and in it he sailed up to the sky. Daily since then he has crossed the sky and looked down on his handiwork, but his round boat is so deep as well as so dazzling in colour that few ever catch a glimpse of him. Sometimes the Rain-Serpent, which is the greatest of sorcerers, gets cross, and cuts off his view with black clouds and storms, but Geechee Manito-ah bears this patiently, because of a great service it rendered a long time ago. That was when he came down to earth and sat down in a lonely valley to make some arrows. Rabbit, who is himself a sorcerer of power, concealed himself in a little whirlwind of dust, and sped by, snatching the arrows as he passed. With one of these he wounded Geechee Manito-ah, and the wound bled so much fire that the world would have been burned bare again had not the Rain-Serpent extinguished the flames by spitting on them. This brought a new peril, which Geechee Manito-ah, lying sick from his wound in the bottom of his boat, which had sailed up to the sky, did not notice. Water poured all over the earth, so that everything was submerged except a few creatures Partridge, a sorceress, took into a boat she caused magically to appear. Rain-Serpent would give Partridge no help when she tried to dry up the waters; so she, Antelope, and others whose names are not given, besought the divers and swimmers in the boat to procure a little earth. All refused except Muskrat. Thrice he dived and came up unsuccessful. The fourth time a little mud was on his nose as he appeared on the surface of the waters, but he was dead and floating out of reach. A crow flew out, caught him, and dragged him to the boat. Partridge and the other sorcerers took the mud from his nose, resuscitated him, and then

set to work to make a new land. After much medicine-making, they caused the pellet of mud to spread upon the waters; but their work was slow, because the boat of Geechee Manito-ah was not giving them light and heat. When the god's health improved and he resumed his journeys, the mud dried, grass and trees grew over it; those in the boat landed and sought new homes, but nothing was quite as good as before, and to this day there is less land than there was before Rain-Serpent's flood.

Meechee Manito-ah is not very active in mischief himself, though he was in the old, old time; but he is the father and author of all mischievous beings. He consorted with witches, and they became the mothers of immortal demons and devils. From his sweat, his breath, his saliva, from the very words he spoke came little malignant spirits that cause bad dreams, disease, jealousy, melancholy, quarrelsomeness, all the bad passions, as well as misfortunes and sorrows. They can ruin a man's health, these sprites, separate him from his wife, blight his fields, lame or kill his horses, keep his pigs from getting fat, and cause his relatives and friends to hate and slander him. Fortunately, they are barred from their evil work a part of the year. Cold renders them torpid. At the first frost they burrow into the ground, where they remain until the warmth of spring releases them. Because of this peculiarity, winter with all its discomforts is welcomed in the wigwam. Then it is that one may hear the folk-lore of the tribe recited, for then no tattling, mischief-making, spiteful sprites are listening at the door or darting into the speaker's open mouth. "But your people sicken and die in winter," the sceptic urges. "The little devils creep into the body and rest there a long time before they begin their mischief," the Musquakie replies; "and they work in the warm body when it is cold outside; that is why when one of our people

is sick he pleases the little devil by going into the sweat-lodge that he, the devil, may come near to the skin. When the little devil is near to the skin, then if one has a friend to break the ice of the river so that the man may run quickly from the sweat-lodge and jump in, there is a chance that the little devil may be killed by the cold, or put to sleep so that he will fall out of the man's skin."

Meechee Manito-ah himself seldom meddles with men. He lives in the caves with the wicked dead, and rules over them. Some hold the belief that he was killed by his wives and is now a ghost; others deny this and say that it is a tale invented by the squaws.

The Totems are an anomaly. Every Musquakie claims descent from the Brothers, but at the same time calls the Totems the Ancestors, or Ancestral Animals, reveres them as a Roman Catholic does his saints, and appeals to the Totem of his clan as the Catholic does to his patron saint. Each woman belongs to a Totem-society for women, but she does not pay half the attention to the cult that the men do. Perhaps she is only half-hearted, because her admission is not for life. When a girl, she belongs to her father's Totem and to the women's society named for it. If her father dies or is divorced she goes over to the Totem of her mother's father and joins its devotees. When she marries she belongs to her husband's Totem, and thus again she changes her society. If she loses him, out she goes again and returns to the cult from which he took her, to stay only until she contracts another matrimonial alliance.

A man keeps to his Totem-society for life. In it are many mysterious observances a squaw would give her scalp-lock to see, or even to hear described; but she never has seen or heard anything, and she never will. It is known that each of the seven clan-societies is presided over by a shaman, and that once a year the

shamans have a meeting to themselves, during which they go into trances and consult the Ancestors, who are the chief and original shamans. It is whispered by the squaws that some one of the seven shamans has charge of the "Mee-sham," a mysterious something, given to the Brothers by the Ancestors, and by the Brothers presented to Hee-to-gwaw, the first Musquakie man, who was born from Hot Hand's shoulder. All the men of the tribe know what the Mee-sham is and where it is kept, but no man has ever revealed the secret to a woman. One squaw told me she believed it to be the skin of Black Wolf, another was sure it was a parflèche filled with very potent "medicine." Still another had made up *her* mind that it was a roll of painted skins, something like "winter counts," but telling what to do in the secret societies. A buck said: "What for you ask. Him all same like your Ark to Covenant."

I am almost afraid to refer to the Indian's belief in ghosts, it is so very comprehensive. Lingering far from the proper abodes of spirits are not only the ghosts of very old and very young people who could not find their way over the Ghost Road, even if started by a ghost-carrier, but also the ghosts of the unburied dead, of murderers whose lives were not ransomed by their friends, of those who caused anyone to commit suicide, thereby destroying his immortality (for the soul of a suicide explodes and is no more), together with a vast array of animal spooks and the shades of raiment, implements, stocks, stones *et cetera*. Some of these are vampires that fear nothing but fire. They generally appear in the form of human beings, wolves, or porous stones. Worse still are the cannibal ghosts, which by day appear as old, mossy logs of trees. I inquired particularly if these were not demons instead of ghosts, and was told emphatically that they were ghosts.

VI.

THE DANCES.

WHEN you have learned the seasons and reasons for a Musquakie's dances you have little further information of him to seek. He dances for health, he dances for wealth—in corn and ponies—he dances to honour his Manito-ah, he dances to please the Totems, to placate or expel the devils, he celebrates his successes and strives to retrieve his failures by dancing. This interests the folk-lorist, but it annoys the agent and missionary so seriously that they have represented to the Government that it is impossible to christianize and civilize this people so long as these heathen practices are permitted. In consequence, the agent has been allowed to forbid all saltatory exercises. This means of course, that hereafter it will be difficult for white people to see what is bound to go on. For this reason, I am glad that I have a full list and a tolerably good description of the dances.

RELIGION DANCE.

First in importance, though last in the age of its observance, is the Religion Dance (Ow-wah-see-chee), sometimes called the "Dance of Remembrance," because it commemorates the return of the people to the unforgotten ways of their fathers. At one time, their faith was Roman Catholic, Claude Allouez in the days of La

Salle having made converts of them, or rather, having succeeded in grafting an adoration of the saints on the old totem-stock; but, some time in the past century, date altogether uncertain, a prophetess of the Chippeways led a number of the allied tribes back to the ancient ways. The story told at the council fires is in substance as follows:

When the Northern Band of the Chippeways, men, women, and children together, were surprised while out on a hunt, and exterminated by the Sioux, they all lay dead from the setting of the sun till its rising. A beam of light touched the face of the prophetess, whose name is too sacred to be spoken. She smiled, stretched herself and opened her eyes, as one having dreamed pleasantly. "Get up and take the drum," said a voice. She raised herself on her elbow and looked about. She remembered, for she saw her dead people destined to be slaves in the spirit-land, for their enemies had taken their scalps, or if not slaves to be dead forever if the scalps with the souls at the roots should be destroyed. "Get up and take the drum," repeated the voice. She lifted herself to her knees and looked at the dead people again. "Get up and take the drum." She stood on her feet and looked up at the sky, but she was so weak she fell down. "Get up and take the drum," the voice said it the fourth time. She stood up. She saw a drum and twelve drumsticks at her feet. She took a drumstick and began to beat. The others beat on the drum, they beat as if drummers held them.

"Go to the other band of the Chippeways, go to all who will be my friends," said the voice. She hung the drum from her neck, she took one stick, the other sticks hung on her back. She walked eighty days and nights without food or drink, singing and praying at night, listening to the instructions of the voice by day, and not

thinking of her strength, her healed wounds, her new growth of hair. At sunset, on the eightieth day, she reached the survivors of her people, and, calling them together by the roll of her drum, delivered the message that the few who had kept to the old faith were to pray to Geechee Manito-ah, instead of asking the Animals to pray for them, though the Animals should receive honour still, while those who had gone to the gods of the black gowns (priests) were to take leave of these gods of the pale-faces, with good words and kind looks, and return to the old faith. "Geechee Manito-ah is poor in mind (sad)," she said, "because his best children keep away from him and talk only to the Animals. It is right to make feasts for the Animals and to talk to them, but it is not right to have them in the first place. Also, it is not right to put the gods of the black gowns first, because they are white gods and take the side of the white people. But do not give these gods the bad heart against you by saying ill words to them; say you will not trouble them with your business, and smile when you say so in the church, and go away and make your own dance-house." When she had talked thus and had shown the scars of her wounds, and the drum and the sticks that beat of themselves, they asked many questions and heard all that had befallen her. Then, they fasted and purified themselves in the sweat-lodge and afterwards prayed to Geechee Manito-ah, and this made them all of one mind, so that they staked off a dance-ground, though they put no roof over it. This pleased the woman and she stayed with them eighty days, teaching the young men to dance and putting the older ones in mind of all that the Brothers had commanded. Also, she told the people to sacrifice the white dog to Geechee Manito-ah, and that the Religion dance was to last for four, seven, or twenty-one days, but she did not stay to see it danced, she went away, no one

knows where, and never came back. She did not go to other tribes with the message of Geechee Manito-ah, she left that for the old men to do, the old men who are chiefs or sub-chiefs—not the shamans, it is not their dance though they help in it.

The dance begins at sunset, and with an intermission of the hours between midnight and dawn—a very short intermission indeed in the months in which it is generally given—it goes on night and day for the four, seven, or twenty-one days prescribed, as the person who gives the dance can afford. The cost is not such a serious matter for the chiefs who have to give the dance after every great council; for though every dancer—and they sometimes number many hundreds, including recruits from affiliated tribes—must have a present as well as be fed on the fat of the land, everybody, dancers included, must give presents to the chiefs. It is another matter when a chief gives the dance for a member of his family, or when any tribesman does it. Then a fortune in beads, blankets, ponies, and provisions is expended. For weeks beforehand the honourable women are busy. They help in the purchase of needful articles, ply the sacrificial white dog, and the young ox destined for the first night's feasting, with all sorts of fattening dainties, offer the use of their own best cooking-pots, help with the sewing and furbishing-up of the gala-garments of the children of the dance-giver, and, most important work of all, keep a sharp eye on the tribe's own dancers lest they eat too much, and pray and practise their steps too sparingly. While they are thus occupied, the chiefs are sending off their runners to invite friendly tribes to attend as spectators as well as dancers, taking care that the giver of the dance is mentioned and thus sparing him the trouble and expense of messengers to any one but some friend for whom he has a special regard, or to whom he feels under an obligation. The shamans

and other important members of the secret societies make it their business to put the floor of the dance-house (it is only a dance-ground really) in order by spreading on it many basket-fulls of fresh earth, and by repairing or replacing the rough benches and tree-stumps that mark its circumference and serve as seats for the chiefs, their councillors, important visitors, and wearied dancers.

The first to arrive on the day appointed are the dancers, young men, the flower of one or several tribes, very much bedizened with beads, paint, feathers, and other ornaments beautiful to the barbaric eye, and, having been on short rations for eighty days, very, very hungry. As soon as those privileged to do so are seated on the benches and stumps above-mentioned, the hungry ones begin to dance, or rather caper first on one foot then on the other, with their eyes fixed on the giver of the dance, while they intone "yi-yi, yi-yi, yi-yi, yi-yi" to the time of their capering. This brings the honourable women away from the soup pots, bearing bowls of broth from which they dip cupfuls, and present them to the hungry young men. As the broth is well thickened with lumps of fish, flesh, fowl, dough, and eggs, it is undoubtedly very pleasing to the palate of the consumers, and they accept cupful after cupful without ever pausing in their steady tramp, or seeming to pause in their chanting.

At sunset the cups are taken away, the chief stands up facing the west, and begs Geechee Manito-ah to accept that which is to be done in his honour. The invocation finished, the two great drums which stand year after year in the middle of the dance-ground, excepting when they are taken out to have the ornaments of the heads renewed by the woman who has reared the greatest number of sons, are freed from their waterproof wrappings, and each surrounded by nine

squatting drummers. The old war-post,[1] on each side of which are the drums, and round which the dancers are to gyrate, has had its coating of grease and charcoal scraped off, and its summit adorned by a United States flag, is now further honoured by having the three extra drumsticks for each drum propped against it. The chief lifts his hand, and at the signal the drummers pound furiously, but though the great log drums with rawhide heads give out a tremendous booming sound, it is almost lost in the "yi-yi, yi-yi" accompaniment of dancers and spectators. At the instant of the first tap, the mob of dancers resolves itself into a wedge, the point of which, next the drums, is a boy of high degree who is a candidate for the Indian *toga virilis*, the gee-string or breech-clout. He, poor young wretch, leads the whirling, stamping, yi-yi-ing multitude of young men till his trembling legs double under him, when his place is taken by another unfortunate candidate.

I have been asked many times to describe accurately the movements of the dancers, but that is an impossibility. It is easy enough to say that a dancer stamps twice with one foot while he holds the other up, and then reverses proceedings, but that is the least of his labours. Everybody takes the same "steps" from the beginning to the end of the performance, but the evolutions are what taxes mind and muscle. At first they are rather dignified, but speed and excitement increase rapidly, and one minute the beholder sees a flying wedge, the next a single-file procession sweeping across the dance-ground to coil itself round the war-post and drummers, only to uncoil itself and in some mysterious fashion radiate like the petals of a daisy from post to boundary-line. Then—you don't know how,

[1] Sometimes a tree denuded of all but its top-most branches takes the place of the post.

for you are sure you never looked away, or even winked—there are before you two lines advancing and receding as if practising a compounded reel and jig. Then you see a hollow square, a solid square, a wedge again, and so on, *ad infinitum*, while the old men stand up and trot time in their places, the honourable women watch everything from their prayer-mats between the old men and the fire, or dart in and out of the maze of dancers, proffering refreshments or carrying off empty cups, and a shaman surrounded by anxious mothers of candidates is whirling like a top as he does his two-step and sings his yi-yi outside the circle, and opposite the honourable women, to insure success to the sons of the mothers aforesaid. Now and then the flying columns pause abruptly, and the drums are stilled, and so are the singers, though the feet of the dancers continue to keep time while some wise man drones an exhortation, or some penitent declares before Manito-ah and men what self-denial he will practise during the ensuing year, or some soloist chants the praises of the god. Then the dancing goes on more furiously than ever.

Presently some one staggers and breaks step. He is immediately pushed out, and his place taken by a waiting dancer, one of a discontented group standing between the benches and awaiting an opportunity like this. There are such little groups wherever there is a break in the circle, but not many among them will dance the first night, the Indian muscles as a rule being of more enduring quality than his white brother's. The drummers suffer most. At first they use the right hand only, pretty soon the stick is grasped in both hands, a little later the eyes glaze and the mouth slavers, and a dancer seeing it, and regardless of his ecstasy, pushes him aside and drums till in turn he gives out.

At midnight, or after, the din ceases. The women go to the tents, the men, with the exception of the

police and seven watchers for the dawn (the sub-chiefs), wrap themselves in their blankets and lie down to sleep on the dance-ground, and near the fires.

At the first hint of dawn the watchers take a drum to a hill overlooking the encampment, and, standing with their faces to the east, begin a very soft, light tapping, which increases in volume as the light grows stronger. As the edge of the sun's disk appears above the horizon the beating becomes a fury of booming, and there is a mighty shout from the watchers and the people who have stolen up the hill behind them. Then with arms uplifted they chant a hymn in honour of Geechee Manito-ah who has appeared in his golden boat. As this hymn is in the old language, and the words run together, I never could understand well enough to write it down, and no one would do it for me, esteeming such a deed a sacrilege, but a woman gave me what she called "the sense of it." Here it is:

"Geechee Manito-ah, we are glad you come.
We are glad you come in your boat, a sign to us.
We are glad you come, pleased to see our dancers.
We make the feast for you.
The newly-cooked food is uplifted to you.
The steam of the hot food rises for you.
The dancers dance for you in their best clothes, the trimmed clothes of the old time, not the white men's clothes, we give them up.
Our feasts, our feathers, our sacred ornaments, our silver and beads and quills and shells are all for your honour.
We sing for you, we beat the drum for you, the white dog is your sacrifice.
Please to accept these presents, Geechee Manito-ah, and favour us, because we are respectful to you."

When this is over there is a rush for the fire in the middle of the encampment, for beside it is a scaffold from which hangs the warm and palpitating body of the white dog just knocked on the head by the stone mallet or axe in the hands of the president of the

women's secret society of one of the clans. The man who first reaches the dog whips out his knife, slashes open the body and tears out the liver, taking care to bring the gall with it, which he then pours over it as a sauce. In another second, the liver is torn to bits by the dancers and each of them manages to secure a fragment and swallow it. Then, the heart is cut up and scrambled for, after which the squaws dress the carcass, wash it in running water, replace the entrails, wrap it in pawpaw[1] or walnut leaves and partly roast it in the ashes.

While it is cooking, the dancing goes on, but in rather desultory fashion. When it is taken up, it is torn into shreds by the women, and the old men see to it that every man, woman, and child has a taste. The bones and hair are burned and the ashes given to the head shaman.

After the dog-feast comes breakfast, consisting of soup, roasted eggs and potatoes, bread baked on a hot stone. Before it is partaken of, each bowl of soup and platter of solid food is lifted towards the sun, but this is nothing unusual. It is the Musquakie's grace before meat, never omitted. I should have said in a preceding paragraph that the woman who killed the dog lifted it sunward before she allowed it to be torn apart. I was told her hands were not burned. After the heave-offering, breakfast is taken in leisurely fashion by those sitting on the ground or the sleeping-platforms; but the dancers have theirs as they dance, from sacred vessels of great age.

This first dance without spectators is sometimes more of a romp than the old men like, but as soon as the chiefs and their retinues take their places it goes on as it did before. The afternoon is as the morning, a steady business of feasting, dancing, preaching and vows of abstinence; the evening is as the afternoon; and the

[1] Pawpaw, *Asimina triloba.*

days go by, one like another, excepting that there is but the one dog-feast.

When the great dance is over, those who were in tents return to their wigwams, those who stayed in their wigwams set them in some sort of order, the dancers receive their presents and go their way, but this is not all: there follows a four days' Sabbath on the reservation, that every one may have time to meditate on what has passed and "get the good heart" from it.

CORN-PLANTING DANCE.

The Corn-planting dance, which takes place in April, though the real corn-planting is about the first of May, is of great moment to the Musquakies, though of little interest to the on-looker. It is danced by men only. They dance or trot along the east side of a cornfield, going in single file, with their rattles and little tambourines or prayer-drums keeping time, while a young maiden goes into the field and plants a few grains from a perfect ear handed her by the honourable women. Lucky is the field which is designated by the shaman for the planting. It is sure to have a more abundant crop than its neighbours. Any man, old or young, may take part in this dance which takes place at sunrise. If the harvest of the year before was scant, the dancers may go entirely around the field instead of across one end. Afterwards, there is some eating and drinking, but not an elaborate feast. It has been stated by some of the Indians' white neighbours that dogs were sacrificed at this time. This is a mistake. All kinds and colours of dogs are eaten at this breakfast, if obtainable, but this is because they are considered dainty food. Of course, when ready for consumption they are lifted towards the sun, but so is all the other hot food.

If the prematurely planted corn comes up and thrives,

as it does sometimes, an unusually bountiful harvest is expected.

Some of the old men explained that when they lived in the south before their trouble with the Shawnees, the real planting of the fields followed the ceremonial, and no food was eaten until the women were done planting. Another old custom was to have the maid who did the planting given a husband, who went with her into the field. Later, a prophet had a revelation that this custom should be abolished, and nobody doubted the genuineness of his message from Manito-ah, for only children born nine months from corn-planting—that is, from the ceremonial corn-planting—*are* great prophets, and he was one so born. The day is at the present time a favourite for weddings.

TOTEM DANCES.

These are danced to all outward appearances like the Religion Dance, except that there is no sacrifice of a dog, and the number of dancers in each is small. No one takes part except the members of the clan secret society. In talking to white people, some call them birthday dances, as they are meant to honour the chiefs of clans. Before a dance begins, the chief at the head of the clan giving it receives a present from each man of the clan. He is not much the richer for this, as he must make a present after the dance to every one who has taken part in it.

The Eagle Dance is the most important of the Totem Dances, because it is in honour of the head-chief. I am of the opinion that it is not on his birthday that it is given, for Totem Dances are always in the summer. Nobody will believe that all chiefs and sub-chiefs are born at this season.

An old woman told me that when she was a little girl those who took part in the Totem dances were dressed

to look like the Ancestral Animal whose favour was thus secured, but their appearance was so dreadful in their suits of skins, scales, or feathers, and the masks to correspond, that many women were frightened and made ill, a state of affairs very bad for a small tribe that could not afford the loss of women and babies. What to do the men knew not, but the Totems took pity on them, and in dreams warned the old men to destroy the masks. Since then masks have been painted to indicate the Totem.

GREEN CORN DANCE.

This is to a Musquakie what Thanksgiving day is to a Yankee, or the feast of the First Fruits to a Semite. It generally takes place in August, though it is occasionally in July or September, if the maize matures early or very late. When it is supposed to be "in the milk," the head-chief and his council assemble, at daybreak, round a fire that has been kindled from another, or even by the white man's matches, and give orders by the mouth of some one of the sub-chiefs to whom the head-chief has nodded that the most ancient of the honourable women are to bring an ear for inspection. Accordingly, four of them make their way through the dewy cornfields, and at sunrise pluck what they consider a fair sample of the growth. Wet to the bone with the heavy dew, they somehow manage to run back to the waiting council and present their selection with the husk undisturbed. If, on examination, the ear appears sufficiently matured, a policeman goes over the reservation and cries the good news. If it is not, the honourable women go morning after morning and bring an ear until one is received which is satisfactory to the council. When the good news has been cried, the squaws bring a vast amount of fuel and the sub-chiefs light the fire, not by friction as one might expect, but by throwing

blazing brands from another fire on the dry wood and leaves made ready. By the time this is done, women begin to arrive with great sacks of the green corn on their backs. Some of the kernels are white and some are blue. The blue ones are carefully detached from the "cob," until enough are obtained to fill a queer old copper kettle, holding perhaps four or five quarts. This is placed on the fire, and remains there until the contents are burned black, the shamans meantime dancing around it and singing songs of thanksgiving. With the cobs, the blackened kernels are thrown on the fire. When both are consumed, a shaman orders the women to extinguish the fire by throwing sods and earth upon it. This burnt-offering is supposed to be very acceptable to Geechee Manito-ah, and to increase the fertility of the fields. Again, women bring fuel to the spot, the chiefs light a fire and corn is cooked, but this time in a large vessel and with plenty of water. Other fires are started at the same time, other kettles are filled, and all the men except the shamans dance around them with a horrid din of rattles and singing. The shamans stir the kettles and decide when the contents are cooked sufficiently. When the stew is pronounced ready to be eaten, the squaws bring out wooden bowls and spoons and serve the officers of the tribe first. After they have held the bowls to the sun and begun to eat, everybody feasts, dipping into the steaming bowls, a half-dozen at once, with spoons or fingers.

The dancing and feasting, interrupted now and then with horse-racing, gambling, and ball-playing, go on for one or two weeks, but it is a playtime for the men only. After the first kettlefuls, the squaws do the cooking. Besides what they cook for the feast, they boil and then dry in the sun a great quantity of this favourite food, which they afterwards pack in sacks made of bark and bury in deep pits lined with mats made of tules or

rushes. This is provision for winter, but some is always saved until the time of the dance comes round again; for it is prepared at a holy time, and is therefore the best possible nourishment for the sick.

When the men are not dancing, the women sometimes take some steps, but not in single file, around the fire. They go to a little distance and dance in pairs, face to face and clasping each other's hands.

Some of both sexes mark their faces with spots or bands of white paint, but I could not find out that it signified anything. A girl said it was "fun."

THE WOMAN DANCE (I-COO-COO-AH).

This is a most extraordinary and disagreeable ceremonial or function, or whatever you choose to call it. Perhaps I would better say was than is, for at present there is no one to start the I-coo-coo-ah. Until a year or two ago, there were a few men in the tribe who dressed in women's clothes and lived in wigwams apart from the others. They were said to be the unfortunates who had failed to strike the war-post the first time they attempted it, or had in some other way failed to come up to the tribal standard of manliness. They were worthless creatures, nearly always drunkards, and always uncombed, unwashed, and arrayed in rags. They did no work, made no visits, never spoke to a woman. They passed their time in gambling with one another, singing indecent songs, and dozing and dreaming from the effects of swallowing tobacco-smoke or, when they could get it, whiskey. They were considered "good medicine" for the tribe; and the women insured a share of it by leaving cooked food and bundles of wood at their doors, when no one was observing. Once a year, a feast and dance was given them, at which some of the young men of the common people took them by the hands, danced

with them, insulted them by pretended love-making, and finally gave them presents of old clothes begged or bought from the squaws. While the dance was in progress, the on-lookers of both sexes kept up a continual clapping, and shouted "I-coo-coo-ah" and "Hoo-hoo, henow-chee-chee." The reason the dance is not given at the present time is that these make-believe *henow-och* [women] are no more to be found in camp. The last appointees refused to accept the place, and an unwilling incumbent would be "bad medicine."

BEAR DANCE.

This is danced by the young men. At a time appointed by the old men, the young ones, weapons in hand, assemble, on foot or mounted, as they choose. Then, running with all speed round the war-post, they aim at it with knife, hatchet, arrow, spear, or gun. If any fail of their aim they retire in disgrace, their one consolation being that they may have food after the four days' fast they have undergone. The successful ones, still fasting and amid profound silence, steal away to hunt a bear. Of course, this is a mere form now, but once this was the preliminary to the hunt of the buffalo, deer, antelope, and all the larger game. When a bear was engaged, the hunters broke silence by telling it how they respected it and hoped that it would allow itself to be killed. When it was killed, they still had no words one with another; they took the body to the encampment, where it was scalped and every portion except the scalp burned. This was because the bear is such powerful medicine that, unless one has been killed and burned as a sacrifice, all the animals killed or hurt by the hunter will at once be healed and run away. After the burning came the dance, which must take place while the smoke was still thick and spreading far and wide to neutralise the medicine of

other bears in the neighbourhood. Only the hunters danced around the dying fire, but when that fire was out and another kindled, everyone feasted by it on such dried stores as the squaws were able to offer. Now, the pretended hunters pretend to bring a bear, and they dance in the smoke as if it were burning. The feast that follows is a poor little picnic, at which the refreshments are mostly tinned goods purchased from the white man's store, and dried corn boiled with grease and sugar. After the feast, songs of thanksgiving to Meechee Manito-ah, without whose aid no bear could be killed, were, and are, sung. Last of all, orations praising the dead bear were, and still are, chanted. Then follows a hunt, a pretence now.

BUFFALO DANCE.

This is both an incantation and an historical drama. In the autumn, the Buffalo Society, composed of all the shamans and nearly all the important men without their occult powers, give this dance, which, in the days when game was plenty, was supposed to cause the herds of buffalo to move towards the hunters. Now, the people think that if ever the shamans prove to be as great as their predecessors, the sod of the pastures will roll over as if plowed, and from the furrows vast numbers of buffalo will leap.

Secret ceremonies go on all the night preceding the dance, in the wigwam of the head-shaman, all the shamans (that means three men and a youth) taking part. All the men who intend to dance keep watch outside. It is the privilege of as many as can crowd about the door to see what goes on inside, and they take turns as spectators. If one should tell a woman of the mysteries, he would be paralyzed.

At dawn, the men, with bows and arrows in their

hands, dance away from the wigwams toward the open fields, singing as they go an invitation to the buffalo to appear and allow themselves to be killed for the benefit of the tribe.

While the men are dancing away toward the fields, the shamans stand before the lodge, their horned bonnets on their heads and wands in their hands, while they dance and pray without moving from their places. So sure are they that their prayers will be heard, that they mix a disgusting bitter drink in a buffalo medicine-horn, and drink it the day before the dance, that their stomachs may be quite empty when the hunters come back with the meat.

When the sun has been up an hour or two, the men dance back, looking over their shoulders to see if the expected quarry is following. They are greeted by the lamentations of the women, who profess to be amazed that the men were not good enough to work the miracle that is attempted year after year.

DISCOVERY DANCE.

After the Bear and Buffalo dances comes the Discovery dance, but it is not of any great importance. The men dance, not in single file, but two or four abreast, to some eminence, where they bend forward and peer, with a hand above the eyes, as if searching for game. Presently they wave a blanket as a signal to those below that they have discovered what they sought. Then they race madly to where they have left their horses in readiness, mount in hot haste, and gallop off. When they have ridden a few miles they return to their friends. The rest of the day is given up to horse-racing, ball-playing, and gambling.

YOUNG DOGS' DANCE.

The Young Dogs' dance was taught by the Animals to a young man who was out hunting, saw a strange animal, pursued it, lost his way, and fell into a hole. He fell a long way, and became insensible. When he recovered consciousness he found himself in a cave, with the Animals sitting round him smoking. They told him the mysteries for a secret society, gave him a pot of paint [I don't know why they did not give him three. They paint their faces with stripes of red, yellow, and green], and taught him the Young Dogs' dance. To a certainty they might have been better employed, for the Young Dogs, who have a shaman of their own, repair to his wigwam for four successive nights before the dance, and, in obedience to the behests of the Animals, make night hideous with their howling and barking. What else they do no outsider knows. They sacrifice two white dogs to Meechee Manito-ah on the morning of the dance. The breath and steam of the sacrifice are the share of the god, the Young Dogs divide the hearts, livers, and gall among themselves, and give the carcases to the spectators, who partly roast them in ashes covered with hot coals. No, they are not really roasted, they are heated for a few minutes, so that Manito-ah's share may be large. Every one present gets a small morsel. The dancing follows the dog-feast, and is not around a central object, but in a procession. It is kept up as long as those taking part can keep moving, and abstain from food and water. Sometimes, before the dancing begins, the Young Dogs go about the reservation, or even into the streets of the towns near by, and, while barking like dogs, hold out their hands for presents.

HORSES DANCE.

When visitors arrive at the reservation with horses that take the fancy of the Musquakie braves, the latter, after openly expressing their admiration, offer to allow themselves to be "danced at," each one indicating the horse that is his price. If the offer is accepted those who make it kindle a great fire and sit around it smoking. The owners of the coveted animals, having provided themselves with whips, or stout switches, dance about the ring of smokers, and strike them on their backs and shoulders. The smokers continue to draw their pipes and converse at intervals as if nothing unusual were taking place. At the end of a quarter or half an hour, if no one has made an outcry, the horses are delivered to those who were whipped for them, who, after greasing their hurts, put on their shirts (the blows must fall on naked bodies), mount and gallop about the reservation whooping in triumph.

If a man finds the blows too thick and heavy to be borne, he may say he must go to his wigwam for something he needs, or make any other excuse to withdraw, and no one thinks the less of him; but should he wince, or give any sign whatever that he suffers, he is disgraced and much jeered at, especially by the women.

SCALP DANCE.

This is now only a bit of acting to illustrate some story told by the historian or old men, or else it finishes out some ceremonial such as carrying away the dead. The young men dress themselves handsomely, mount their ponies, ride away, and ride back at a time agreed upon. In their hands they carry horse-tails, tufts of hair procured from a pale-face barber's shop, as well as a stray scalp or two taken from a bear or redskin. The

girls, in their best apparel, go to meet them, advancing in long rows, waving their arms and sliding their feet along the ground. The men present their trophies, the girls receive them, begin to dance and burst into songs of triumph that extol the deeds of the hero just mentioned by the story-teller, or the prowess of the whole tribe. The effect is very striking, as the gaily-dressed young men cause their painted and be-ribboned ponies to prance and curvet, and the girls, still more resplendent in the bravery of silver, bead and quill ornaments, dance forward and backward again and again.

DEAD MAN'S MEDICINE DANCE.

The dance to a dead man's "medicine" takes place the morning after his death, if possible. Of course, if he dies in the morning, instead of during the evening or night as he should, it must be in the afternoon. The widow hangs the "medicine," which she has taken from the scalp-lock of the deceased, if he died of a lingering complaint, or from under his arm, if his soul was required suddenly, on a pole in front of his wigwam door. This done, she sits in the doorway and weeps noisily the while she tears her face with her nails, or a bunch of thorns. This is a signal for the young men in training for the Religion dance to dance past the "medicine" again and again, and sing songs commemorating his peaceful virtues and the war-like ones of his ancestors. After several hours the widow puts a stop to the performances by taking the "medicine" and placing it on the breast of the corpse lying in state in the wigwam.

It is a bad dance for the tribe. Like the Scalp dance, it leaves the people not only sad, but sullen and discouraged.

THE YOUNG SERVANTS' DANCE.

There are always young men in the tribe who dislike such offices as those of messengers, policemen, attendants on the elders, etc. To get rid of these for ever, they stand behind the councillors and declare themselves the servants of the tribe for two years. Nobody says anything at the time, but they are none the less bound. They are sent on anybody's errands. If a man has a lame hand or foot, he is at liberty to summon one of them to cut his tent-poles or firewood for him,[1] to curry his horses, to sharpen his knives, to do anything that is a man's work. Any disabled man, any widow may command his services. At the end of the two years he and the friends who volunteered with him celebrate their emancipation by a feast, to which all their relatives contribute, and a dance to the music of their rattles and little tambourines or prayer-drums.

BIRDS' DANCE.

The young men—the reckless ones, that is—have a secret society, of which the only public observance is a dance, accompanied by a very pretty imitation of bird-songs and much waving and flapping of arms and blankets. They go from wigwam to wigwam, and sing and dance till some one brings out refreshments. No woman seems to know whether the Birds' Society is anything more than a social organisation or not. Whatever it is, it should be suppressed. If a young fellow is a pretty good sort of a youth when he goes into it, he is soon transformed into a lazy, quarrelsome young vagabond. It takes something from the standing of the most exemplary tribesman to say, "He used to be a Bird."

[1] Bringing home poles and wood is the woman's business.

PRESENTS DANCE.

When poor girls are of an age to be married, and have no one to give them clothes or make feasts for them, the head-chief, after consultation with his wise men as to a convenient season, sends out runners to invite members of the tribe, friendly tribes, and even pale-faces to attend the Presents or Dower dance. On the appointed evening the dowerless ones sit together on a mat by the camp-fire, and any man may take out any one of them and dance with her, moving backwards and drawing her after him by her hands. He must first drop a present in her lap, which is taken charge of by a woman who acts as a sort of sponsor or chaperon. If for any reason a girl is unwilling to dance with one who has thrown her a present, she may make a sign to her sponsor, who will return the present. Any girl may dance if a present is given her, but she must give it to one of the dowerless ones.

Long ago the young men had a Presents dance, at which they danced in a row before visitors, at the same time singing a begging song, but of late years this has been interdicted by the councils.

VII.

BIRTH AND INFANCY.

THE shaman has every other act and ceremony of the tribe kept in his memory by a glance at the knotted string which serves him in lieu of a list of fees, but he has no reason to consult it for memoranda of what goes on in and about the birth-house. The fee-taker for all that pertains to that tiny edifice is the "woman-with-spots-on-her-face." The Indian mother builds her little birth-house of bark or tules, according to the season, puts a few armfuls of hay and a blanket in the north-west corner of it, starts a fire in the middle, and places on it a soup-pot. Then she waits, but not alone. Two or three women-friends are in attendance to keep her mind off her troubles by chatting pleasantly, and, when it becomes necessary, to run for the woman-with-spots-on-her-face. If, by any mischance, a woman has not a birth-house ready at the time it is needed, her women friends hurry the inmates of her home into theirs, along with the bedding, utensils, clothes, weapons, and ornaments, leaving her mistress of the mansion and one blanket and pot. This is inconvenient but necessary, for "born-in-the-fields," that is, out of doors, is a disgrace. To apply the epithet to a Musquakie is equivalent to calling a white man a liar. It is not a disgrace to be born in the family wigwam, but it is unlucky for

the child; it is sure to die before its parents if it has had no house of its own.

When the woman's hour has come, one of her friends goes with all speed for the woman-with-spots-on-her-face. This is the woman who at puberty received the roughest usage and had the greatest number of Religion dances given in her honour, each dance entitling her to have a vermilion spot painted on her countenance. When the messenger reaches her and announces that her friend is in need of her assistance, she of the spots pays no heed, she sits and rocks herself back and forth while she sings "yi-yi, yi-yi," as do the men in the Religion dance. In vain does the messenger seek to attract her attention by speech hard or soft, she is deaf to all sound save her own singing. After awhile, comes another messenger. She is also unsuccessful. Then arrive a third and a fourth. When the fourth makes an impassioned appeal, the woman-with-the-spots-on-her-face starts up as from a trance and cries out: "Now, it is finished! Let us go to the happy mother and child!" Sure enough all is finished, as the quintette discover when they reach the birth-house. The woman-with-the-spots-on-her-face steps into the birth-house, takes one look and steps out again to raise a piercing cry that summons all the women on the reservation not already in attendance, and the father. The women mass themselves before the door and the father sneaks around to the back of the house. The woman-with-the-spots-on-her-face slits a hole in the back of the house and hands out the naked baby for the father's inspection. When he has handed it back and slipped away from the neighbourhood, she of the spots stands in the door and calls aloud the name she has given the infant, one which must indicate its father's clan. For instance, an Eagle's child, if a boy, might be called Grey Eagle, or War Eagle, or Hawk, any bird of strength and fierceness, or any

part of such a bird, as Tall Feather, Strong Beak, etc.; while a girl might be Singing Bird, Little Duck, Pretty Wing, or any small bird or one of its component parts.

After the naming, the mother goes to the river and bathes herself and child—sometimes killing herself and it if the weather is bad. As she goes to and from the bath, the men are careful to keep out of the way. If a man should meet her, he would have to seclude himself during the time she remains in the birth-house. She remains in it thirty days for a boy, forty for a girl. During this time she is visited at rare intervals by some woman who makes it her business to bring food from the husband's wigwam. At the end of it she bathes herself and baby, burns up the birth-house and its contents, sprinkles herself and baby with the ashes, and goes back to her husband.

She nourishes her child at the breast until it is three years old, or even four or five. She has the sole control, but not the sole care, of it until it is five years old if a boy, seven or eight if a girl. Indian fathers—Musquakie Indian fathers at least—are exceedingly fond of their infants and are at the beck and call of the little tyrants, who learn to abuse their privileges long before they learn to talk, night and day. As the old division of labour was that the man should be the hunter and provide the meat, while the woman should till the fields and provide the bread; and as the old rules prevail, though conditions have changed and the game is all dead, it follows that a man has more time to devote to his children than has their mother.

While under training age, the little ones are indulged and petted as few white children are. Only one command is laid upon them: they must not speak in the presence of the old men, whether related to them or not. If they disregard this law of laws, they are punished, not by

flogging, but by having bowls of cold water poured over them.

The Musquakie infant has few toys. The girl has a doll, made by her mother and pow-wowed by the shaman, which she carries by day and snuggles in her blanket at night. The boy has a bow and blunt arrows with which he learns to kill field-mice and birds. Both learn to ride almost as soon as they learn to walk, sticking on the pony's back with the aid of a saddle-horn, or a twist of rope into which they can tangle their toes. Both have pet dogs for which they fight and howl valiantly when "company" comes to dinner, and which they generally manage to keep out of the pot.

An infant has no "medicine" of its own, though it wears a few talismans of beads or silver made by its mother or the silversmith under the supervision of the shaman. These talismans are most of them intended to protect the soul instead of the body. Baby's soul does not travel while the body sleeps, as it will when it is older, unless it sleeps with its mouth open. In that case the soul is likely to escape in the form of a moth or butterfly and not know how to return. To prevent this calamity, some mothers tie on talismans, and others, more prosaic, tie a string under its chin and over its crown. If it should be ill, the mother fastens her "medicine" in its scalp-lock.

VIII.

PUBERTY.

AS soon as a boy is weaned from his mother's breast, and that is when he is four or five years old, he belongs to his father, or, if his mother is a widow or divorced, to her father, if she has one living, and if she has not, to her nearest male relative. From being the most conceited, care-free pet imaginable, he becomes a boy of many griefs and trials, and he may not run to mamma for consolation; that would disgrace him forever. He is compelled to keep long vigils, to fast and look on while others feast, is sent on errands in the dark, which he has been told swarms with mischievous little devils and cannibal ghosts, is set to ride unbroken colts, thrown into the river to swim ashore as best he may, is kept in the burning sun of summer and exposed to the fury of storms and the bitterness of midwinter cold. All these trials go on, not constantly, but intermittently, till he is fourteen.

During the nine years of novitiate, the training from month to month and year to year grows more severe and continuous. The fasts that at first were deprivation from one meal lengthen, till they stretch over days and nights of abstinence from both food and water; and other hardships increase in proportion. In addition, his father has spent what he can to obtain the goodwill and assistance of the shaman towards making the boy a

fine man, this assistance consisting outwardly in the shaman's spinning round and round before the door of the sweat-lodge after he has been sweated, and singing prayers and flattery to the boy's totem. Also, the father gives as many Religion dances as he can afford, and, during the last year of the trial, has him, for eighty days, taught to lead the Religion dance. Finally, comes the nine days' fast, during which the poor young wretch wanders solitary in the woods, dreams feverish dreams supposed to be prophetic, and one special dream which tells him what his "medicine" is to be, and, sometimes, what his vocation is. Before the fast is over, it is incumbent upon him to find the thing which constitutes his medicine, obtain possession of some part of it without causing its death or destruction, and place this part obtained in a little bag, to be worn under the left arm.

Self-torture is not now inflicted, nor is the candidate for manhood whipped by the chief of his clan, as in days of yore. Somebody had a revelation that this was to be done away with, very likely the chief of a large clan, for it is told that the chiefs used to have lame arms from their exertions with the quirt.

The morning after the head-chief's council, as soon as the divorces are disposed of, the candidates, still fasting, appear in the circle called the dance-house. Sometimes the old black war-post is in the middle in its nakedness, sometimes it is surmounted by a flag. In either case, if the old custom is to be observed, and it is seldom that it is not, the youths begin the day by striking the post. With whatever weapon they choose in their hands, and mounted on bridled but unsaddled ponies, they essay their fortune. The shaman follows them, but stops outside the sacred enclosure and turns round and round, reciting prayers for their success. The chiefs and councillors take seats at the posts that mark out the great circle, the rest of the tribe stand and look

on from outside. At a signal from the head-chief, the youths set out in a furious gallop around the post, and shoot bullets or arrows, or fling knives or hatchets, at it. Round and round they go until a signal is given to stop. Then, the war-post is examined, and as every missile has its owner's mark on it, it is soon known if any one has failed in his aim. If any one has failed—this seldom happens—he is never reckoned a man. The successful ones are next sent on a pretended bear-hunt. Then follows the Bear dance, and later, another pretended hunt which gives the young actors in the tribal drama an opportunity to go to their wigwams to rest until sundown, when they must take part in a Religion dance.

When the post is not struck by the candidates, the chiefs and old men substitute for the ceremony an examination into their healths, skill, and accomplishments. Several hours are passed in riding, throwing, shooting, and wrestling, after which they stand in a row and promise to be faithful friends and tribesmen, to avenge all wrongs against their people, to revere the Ancestral Animals and the memory of the great men who have gone to the spirit-land, and to say many prayers to Meechee Manito-ah. These make no pretence of hunting; after the examination, they go to their homes and sleep till time for the Religion dance.

The dance lasts till midnight. The youths sleep on the floor of the dance-house from midnight till dawn, and wake—men!

This day, each new man who can afford it has a feast, to which all men of his totem are bidden.

The girl's training is not, as a rule, so severe as her brother's. From the time she is seven she has her fast days, is inured to extremes of heat and cold, and has her courage tested by being sent on errands after night with no guard but her mother's "medicine" and her own little talismans; but her hard usage is not so hard, nor

so frequently repeated, as a boy's, unless it is the ambition of her parents to make her a medicine-woman of renown, in which case her life is to be described as strenuous, though she considers that she has ample compensation in the Religion dances given for her. For each dance she is entitled to wear a round red spot on her face, and great is the deference shown her by her companions because of these. They mean much respect from her elders also, and easy admission into the medicine-society when she is a young woman, good luck for her and by means of her all her days, and a place of honour almost equal to the shaman's when she is old.

When she is twelve or fourteen, or, rarely, when she is eight or nine, she is secluded for a week with an old woman, in a little hut built by her mother. The old woman's business is to keep her from getting out, to see to it that she has very little food or water, to hang on her a new fetich, bought from the shaman, each day, and to sing prayers for her all the time both can keep awake.

At the end of the week, the old woman receives a blanket or pony for pay, the girl is brought out, washed, dressed in new clothes and given a feast to which all her relatives male and female are invited. The women and girls give her presents of small value, but the men merely eat of the good things she hands them and take no notice of her, beyond a grunt of acceptance as she sets before them bowl after bowl.[1] When they have finished, she sits—down?—no, on the platform which is the bed by night and table by day all through the mild weather,[2] and has her dinner in company with the matrons and maids of her relationship.

The feast of a rich tribesman's son or daughter consists of roast dog, soup made of turkey, chicken, beef, pork,

[1] Only on occasions of ceremony do the men eat first.

[2] By luck or pretence the puberty-feast is always in mild weather.

beans, potatoes, maize and beans, cakes made of tallow and cherries pounded pulp and stones together, lumps of maple-sugar, wheat and maize bread baked on a hot stone, nuts, dried plums and a sickening drink of sugar-water flavoured with beef-gall.

After the feast, everybody goes home without any form of leave-taking. The guests do not even depart in chatting groups. When filled to repletion, each slides off the platform, tightens his or her blanket into a sort of shroud and silently steals away.

BOMBAY
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MEMORIAL
COLLECTION

IX.

COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE.

WHEN a youth is sixteen, he is told to look about him for a wife, and he obeys the mandate with cheerful alacrity. As he may not marry a girl of his own clan, he widens the circle of his friends, so that he may have the opportunity to observe their sisters. From time to time he reports the result of his observations to his father, who listens gravely and administers advice after due thought and deliberation. When the young man finds a girl he fancies, the confidences become more frequent, the sympathy and advice if anything more serious. No gentleman of the wigwam would for an instant consider an incipient love affair a theme for a joke, or even for light and frivolous remarks to a member of the home circle. If the father does not approve of his son's choice, nearly always the young man makes another; but if his regard has become so fixed that he cannot change, he makes every effort to bring his parent to his way of thinking. Both are argumentative and unhappy for awhile. But if the son will not give in, the father generally does, apparently of his own volition; but those most concerned know that it is after many a night spent in whispered consultation with his wife.

The choice having been made and agreed to, mamma sets out, in her old clothes by way of showing that she has nothing on her mind, and strolls into and out of

several wigwams, gossiping a little, giving the dogs an informal kick now and then, making luck good for the growing children by uncomplimentary remarks or no remarks at all, till at last she reaches the abode of the inamorata. After some desultory conversation, mamma states that she must soon begin to look for a wife for Pa-she-quan, or whatever his name may be. The other does not remember his age exactly, but is of the opinion he must be too young to marry, though truly she does not recall his appearance well enough to discuss the matter as she could wish to out of compliment to her caller. (This in the face of the fact that he is her son's friend, and in and out of her wigwam a score of times a day.) Mamma states his age and thinks proper to add that *he* hasn't given any thought to matrimony, but that it is her wish to see him wedded to a good girl. Mamma Number Two, evidently desiring to be polite and obliging, mentions the names of several girls, daughters of her neighbours. They are fine girls, agrees Number One, but Pa-she-quan has never cared for that style of beauty. Now, what he praises is (here follows a description of Number Two's daughter).

A long pause. Mamma Number Two evidently seeking to remember such a paragon among the daughters of her friends.

Finally, Number One breaks the silence by inquiring for the health of Number Two's daughter.

She is well. She has gone to visit a neighbour.

One mother knows just as well as the other that when a juvenile scout ran home and told the miss that Pa-she-quan's old woman was coming, the said miss hid herself in the darkest corner of the wigwam under a roll of bedding, and at that moment she is with difficulty stiffling her giggles, that she may not miss a word of the conversation.

After many regrets for her absence and many com-

pliments on her good looks and manners—all of which are carelessly waved aside by the mother—the visitor, quite as an afterthought, asks the charmer's age, is it, perhaps, nineteen or twenty?

"Twenty-four." The marriageable age for girls.

"Twenty-four!"—the visitor feigns intense surprise.

Mamma Number Two, in turn, is surprised. Has not Mamma Number One noticed how many mothers of young men look sadly on her daughter as she walks along. Truly, that girl's one fault is that she is so hard to please; for months she has done nothing but spread sorrow. Her parents would gladly have her less attractive.

Mamma Number One had not noticed this lamentable state of affairs, but she could well believe, et cetera, et cetera.

Finally, she takes leave—no, she merely goes, as any Indian does when conversation has ceased to be interesting.

Next day, if the girl and her family are pleased, the call is returned, and each mother makes herself agreeable by praising the offspring of the other.

After this second call, the young man, not quite seventeen, is free to follow his lady-love of twenty-four whenever she steps out of doors. He may not accost her, and he may not go into a house where she is; he may no longer go to the family wigwam to call upon her brother, but he may and does dog her footsteps whenever she makes it convenient for him so to declare his tender passion. For some days she takes no notice of her skulking admirer, but the day comes when she coyly glances over her shoulder and raises her brows and shows her white teeth in a smile. The young man sometimes hastens the appearance of this smile by throwing a light into the lady's face by means of a cup of water or a small mirror. After the glance or smile

is won, he proceeds to make night hideous by sitting behind his love's wigwam and tooting on his willow flute from dusk until the morning star—called the lovers' star, the day-bringer—appears in the heavens. Three months of this is considered a proper courtship. When the ordeal—it *is* an ordeal, for through fair weather, through foul, he must be at his post, nor does headache or other illness bring immunity to the girl and her family—when the ordeal is over, he sneaks into the wigwam some morning and sits down north of the fire. His mother-in-law-to-be hands him a platter with food on it. While he is eating this, every one present except mamma steals away, leaving her to haggle over the presents she is to receive. These consist of from one to ten ponies, some beads, and a knife or two, according to the wealth of the suitor and the beauty of the girl.

The bargain made, mamma calls in her husband and her nearest male relatives. These proceed to dress the young man in a fine new suit (which he must return on the morrow) and take him to call on all their friends and relatives and his. The father of the girl leads the way; after him stalks the bridegroom; after the bridegroom, in single file, go his mother-in-law's next of kin, looking anything but bridal according to our standards as they solemnly tramp along with their toes turned in and one foot behind the other so as to make but a single narrow track.

At sunset, the young man goes home alone and gets the supper he is quite ready for, as he has had nothing to eat since early morning.

After dark, the girl, who has been hidden in a relative's wigwam for twenty-four hours, is taken home.

By sunrise, next day, she is dressed in her best apparel, and stands just inside the wigwam-door. Soon the lover appears, bringing the promised presents, whi[illegible]

he delivers to waiting relatives on guard outside the door. When the presents have been counted, examined, approved, and delivered to mamma-in-law, who is stationed behind the wigwam, papa-in-law bids the young man enter the home. He enters, takes the girl by both hands for a moment. When he releases her, the bride goes to the fire, makes a pretence of re-kindling it by throwing dry twigs on the embers, prepares a little bowl of gruel and hands it to her bridegroom. He swallows it, chucks her under the chin a few times and leads her to a roll of blankets his mother brought the night before to serve as a nuptial couch. On this the two sit nearly all day, contentedly smiling at each other, taking little notice and being taken little notice of by the friends who stroll in and out.

The young man lives with his wife's people, but this does not make him or his children of her clan—of her people's clan, that is, for she henceforth belongs to his till death or divorce separates her from him. As for his children, his death or divorce gives the minors to the maternal grandfather's clan ; but those who have had the puberty-feast still belong to his.

X.

DEATH, BURIAL, AND GHOST-CARRYING.

WHEN a sweat in the sweat-lodge and a cold plunge in the river after it have proved inefficacious, when the old woman with the basket of healing herbs has come and gone, when the woman-with-spots-on-her-face is no longer importuned for her prayers and good-will, when the shaman has given over his incantations and medicine-dances, when the Religion dancers have danced and drummed and shrieked and howled and subsided into quiet, then it is time for all the watchers save one to hide their faces in their blankets and steal out of the wigwam-door, leaving it wide open that the soul about to fare forth may not have to struggle for an exit.

When the watcher, the mother if there is one, some old woman if there is not, perceives that the soul has left the body, she waits a moment or two to give it time to leave the wigwam, then with a loud voice she cries out that it has gone, and begins to wail. At once, all the relatives begin to wail, and two of them—men if the dead was a man, women if a woman or child—go in to see if the face needs re-painting, and to add any ornaments to the costume that were not put on before death.[1]

If the death occurs in the morning, the funeral is in

[1] If it is possible, the best garments are put on as soon as the shaman gives up the case.

the afternoon; if any time between noon and midnight, the morning of the following day. None of the clan may eat, except the morsel held to the sun, or even take a sip of water, while the dead lies unburied, but food is partaken of by the friends who assemble. They bring hot food in kettles, afterwards receiving pay for it from the family of the deceased.

When No-chu-ning was at the point of death his mother begged him to raise the death-song, but he shook his head. No one raises his death-song now. When a man died in battle or succumbed to his wounds after, as No-chu-ning's grandfather did, strength somehow came in the last hour to boast of deeds of prowess and defy the foe; but why should the failing breath be wasted to tell of a few horse-races won, or quickened to defy the tribe's relentless enemy, consumption? The mother and wife had hastened consumption's victory by an hour or two, perhaps, when they lifted and turned No-chu-ning as they placed under him his fine broadcloth blanket and dressed him from neck to feet in shirt, leggings, breech-clout and moccasins of fringed and beaded buckskin. To these, they added many necklaces of beads, many silver disks over his chest, many silver bracelets and rings on his arms and fingers.

When he was dead, and his mother had gone out of the wigwam wailing, two men went in, stamped out the fading embers of the household-fire, that was allowed to die as he did, and was never to be rekindled. On the ashes they placed a rude stretcher or bier, that had been made ready and brought into the wigwam the day before. Then, they lifted No-chu-ning by his blanket and laid him on the bier. This done, they painted his face (from his own paint-pots, for to paint from another's would cause that other to have visions of the dead) with bars of red, green, and yellow, interspersed with blue dots, his secret society marks and colours. Lastly, they

wrapped him in his blanket like a mummy in its cerements, and went out to join the men who were praising his virtues in low tones, or groaning and cutting their arms with bits of stone. The men stood in a group near the open door, the mother, wife, and other near woman-relatives ran into the wigwam, wailing, shrieking, tearing their hair and garments, horribly clawing their faces with nails and thorns, because tears of water were too weak for so great a loss and tears of blood must be shed. Other women echoed their grief outside, some of them sitting in the dust, some running to and fro.

Presently two old women brought pots of hot food and offered it to the men. Each took a little of the thick "mush," or porridge, made of maize-meal and water in which meat had been boiled, in his fingers, held it towards the sun and towards the wigwam, and then ate it. No other food was offered during the evening or night.

Next morning the young men, twelve in number, who were to carry the bier, advanced from a tiny brush-covered ravine in which they had sat and mourned all night,[1] and, without speaking to or noticing any one, lifted the bier to their shoulders and started towards the hilltop, on which a wide, shallow grave had been dug by white men hired by the relations.[2] Every one in the tribe followed, except the shaman ; *he* never attends the funerals of any one outside of his immediate family. The men went silently, but the cries and shrieks of the women were redoubled. It was a strange, sad, scattered procession up the steep hill ; a few men kept in single file behind the bier and a few women filed after them, but the others covered half the hillside, toiling along, each oblivious of the others, with eyes on the ground or lifted to the bier. Now and then some one ran up alongside of the bier, looked into the painted face the

[1] For some unknown reason they did not dance the Dead Man's Medicine dance, as was expected of them.

[2] Formerly slaves did this work.

bearers had uncovered before they started, and with most piteous entreaty besought the dead to rise, to return to his cold hearth and relight it, to comfort those whose blood fell in tears because of their grief for the loss of him. While these spoke, the wailers ceased their outcries, to continue them when No-chu-ning made no response. Arrived at the grave, a most passionate last appeal was made that he would not take his way to the spirit-land, and for a few moments the bearers held the bier motionless and waited. When there was no reply, two of them with a dexterous twist covered the head and face again; then the twelve of them contrived to step into the grave and lay their burden down. Relatives then came forward and placed beside the body a gun, a jar of food, a bundle of clothing, a pair of moccasins, an embroidered bag containing a pipe, tobacco, a knife, an awl, and a number of cartridges. This done, all the women and such men as were not relatives went slowly down the hill, lamenting and praising No-chu-ning, and leaving the men of his family to fill up the grave and build over it a triangular structure of boards, which they rendered waterproof by shingling. This task ended, they went back to the wigwam, but not to enter it—no one would ever enter it again—they sat down in front of it, beside the fire the squaws had kindled. Soon friends came with food, of which a goodly portion was thrown down by the fire, that as it dried its steam might nourish the spirit, which would linger about the place until the ghost-carrier should take it away.

For thirty days the relatives mourned night and day by the empty wigwam and on a hill opposite the one on which was the grave. They might not, as would a white mourner, go near the grave then or at any other time. For thirty days also was the ghost-fire kept burning, and much food laid before it, for a newly made ghost is very cold without its body, and not easily satisfied with

the light quality of its refreshment. There is besides another reason for keeping the fire alight: demon-ghosts, especially those which renew their strength by eating souls, are afraid to get near a fire lest they explode; it is thus the safeguard from their malicious efforts to disfigure or destroy the spirit, which is, until started on the ghost-road, naked unto its enemies.

When the thirty days were over, friends came to where the mourners had crouched under a temporary shelter of mats and poles, set up by some of the squaws beside No-chu-ning's empty wigwam. "Let the ghost be carried away," they demanded.

There was no response.

The women-friends entered the wigwam[1] and sat down before the mourners; the men stood at the door and entreated the father, who sat between the wife and mother.

"Look up! look up!" said the friends in unison. "Look up, mourners, fasters, who have caused your blood to flow because tears of water were not enough to shed for No-chu-ning."

The mourners, shrouded in their blankets, said softly: "We cannot look up."

"He died long ago, the fine son, the good husband, the brave and faithful friend. Is he in the Happy Hunting Ground, pursuing the plentiful game, rejoicing in the company of warriors?"

No one replied.

"Is he in the Happy Hunting Grounds?"

Again no reply.

"Mourners and fasters, is he in the Happy Hunting Grounds, or have you failed to befriend his ghost?"

The mourners renewed their lamentations, the men

[1] The temporary wigwam. No one would enter that in which there had been a death. This custom renders it an impossibility for Indians to make what we call "permanent improvements."

groaning and causing their right arms to bleed, the women beating their breasts, tearing their hair and cheeks.

"Why is not No-chu-ning in the Happy Hunting Grounds? Have you not sent him?" persisted the friends inexorably.

"He is so loved we cannot part with him, we cannot let him go," chanted the women-friends, their voices rising above the laments of the mourners.

"He is outside. He cannot come in. Naked is his soul. He is cold. He is like a wolf picking up crumbs cast into the darkness. He is no longer a fine young man. He begs at his own door," chanted the men.

"He is son, husband, brother, we cannot part with him, we cannot let him go; if he goes, he returns no more," the mourners responded.

"He is thin. He trembles; the ghosts of evil intent mock him as he tries to get warm by the ghost-fire. Why is he mistreated and shamed? Why is he not a happy hunter in the Happy Hunting Ground?"

"We cannot part with him. If he goes he returns not. Long is the ghost road, no one returns over it."

"He is lonely. He has no companion or bosom friend. He sees his friends but they do not see him; he knows they do not see him. He hears them talk, but they cannot hear his thin voice. Send him to the Happy Hunting Ground, let him have the company of his ancestors."

"Long is the ghost-road. He will not return over it."

"Long is the ghost-road, but all go over it. You will follow No-chu-ning, if you send him to the Happy Hunting Ground."

Again and again the entreaties and refusals, with slight variations, are repeated. Finally the mourners stand up and say:

"Yes, yes, we shall all follow No-chu-ning, wise, good, and loving. We shall not lose him. We shall follow after him. Quick! make ready the horse, the new clothes, the feast."

"They will send him! The mourners for No-chu-ning will send him! Make ready the horse, the new clothes, the feast, call the ghost-carriers, bring no more wood to the ghost-fire, bring no more food; let the men who sit by the ghost-fire praising No-chu-ning, that he may hear, rise up, and help to make ready."

The men-friends walked away. The women followed them, the last to go setting down a jar of water she had held in her hands, and drawing close the door-flap, so that the mourners might have privacy while they washed their faces and donned their best apparel.

At a tap of the sacred drum the mourners came forth, their wounds oiled, their faces barred with paint, their torn garments replaced by whole ones, and took their places on the long raised platform at the side of the wigwam, which in winter is used for the death-feast only, though in summer it is both bed and dinner-table for the family. Other members of the clan mounted beside the mourners, till but one vacant place remained between the father and wife. At this place were a new knife, cup, and plate.

"No-chu-ning! No-chu-ning! No-chu-ning! come to your feast," cried the father.

At this call a young man ran from behind No-chu-ning's wigwam, leaped upon the platform, and crouched down with the new knife, cup, and plate before him.

"Eat, my son," commanded the father. "Long is the journey set you. Long is the ghost-road."

At once women-friends brought great bowls of soup and placed them in a row down the middle of the platform, so that each person might dip from them with cup or spoon. By the bowls were heaped loaves and

cakes of maize and acorn bread, other cakes of dried and pounded cherries mixed with grease and honey, trenchers on which the meat in the bottom of the cooking-pots would be placed, and some small lumps of grasshopper-bread. Other bowls contained a bitter drink compounded of river-water, herbs, and burnt maize.

The ghost-carriers' platform did not hold all the feast of the dead. On other platforms, and on the ground, food was served exactly as it was to the ghost-carrier and those who ate with him, and in the same profusion. All of it was paid for by No-chu-ning's relatives. The feast began a little before noon, and lasted until almost sunset, it being a necessity according to the tenets of Musquakie decorum for the mourners to continue to eat long after hunger is satisfied, so as to delay the carrying away of the ghost.

When the chief saw that the sun was almost out of sight, he climbed down from his place opposite the father, and in a loud voice commanded the ghost-carrier to go to the Happy Hunting Ground, and in a lower tone reminded him that the light necessary for the journey would soon fail.

At once the ghost-carrier dropped to the ground and stalked to a group of young men, who, mounted on their best ponies, awaited him with a fine steed saddled with a new saddle, its mane and tail ornamented with beads and ribbons, its face painted, its sides concealed under bundles made up of all No-chu-ning's personal property not buried with him. Before he could mount, all the mourners ran to him, clung to him calling him by his new name, "No-chu-ning," and entreated him not to leave them. He stood rigid and silent, while the friends, softly chanting the virtues of No-chu-ning and his fitness to enjoy the delights of the Happy Hunting Ground, loosened their hands and led them away.

The moment he was free, the ghost-carrier sprang on his horse and galloped toward the west, followed by the mounted young men.

I was told that the ghost rode with the ghost-carrier who had taken its name. "On the same horse?" I asked. "No," was the answer. "Then where did it get a horse?" No reply, though the question was repeated many times. "Is it the ghost of a horse that died in the pasture?" "Maybe so." "Or, perhaps, some one has killed a horse?" "Maybe so." I asked a dozen questions, but that exasperating "Maybe so" was the only answer vouchsafed to them all. As the old custom, spoken of again and again by the tribal historian as he tells of the heroes, at the campfire, was to bury a horse with every one not considered too old or too young to ride, it is a fair inference that the ghostly mount is still made sure of by the friends and relatives. It is likely that the interference of an agent has caused them to do secretly what was once done publicly.

When the ghost-carrier had ridden a few miles, he made a detour and returned with his escort to the place from whence he started, taking care to arrive after night-fall. He was welcomed by the clan-chief and the mourners as one returned from a long journey. Every one called him "No-chu-ning" instead of "Pa-che-quas," the name by which he had formerly been known. After he returned the greetings, he divided the bundles he had carried among the young men who rode with him; but the horse he reserved for himself.

The next day, the widow and her mother built a new wigwam for their family. In the evening, the widow went with her mother to the older woman's clan-society and had her face painted anew with the marks she wore in her girlhood.

No-chu-ning's father and mother went back to their own wigwam, where in a few days, the new No-chu-ning,

the ghost-carrier, visited them, bringing presents of meal and meat and announcing at the door that he was No-chu-ning, their son, who would care for their old age. He went home to his own parents after a short call, but both the adopted parents who called him No-chu-ning, and his parents of the blood who continued to call him Pa-che-quas, felt that he was pledged to a son's duty to the adopted ones, should they ever need his services.

The burial and ghost-carrying of a woman are like a man's, except that a woman of her own age carries the ghost, and is attended by girls.

Formerly, after the distribution of the ghost's personal effects, a scalp-dance was given, but now this is rarely done.

For very young or very old there is no ghost-carrying. They would get lost on the ghost-road. They must linger about the encampment till the ghost of a relative conducts them.

The funeral of little children is private, but the very old are buried like other adults; the children are placed by their parents in the path to the river;[1] the old people lie in a roofed-in grave on the hill-top.

[1] In the hope that they may be reincarnated. See pp. 22, 23.

XI.

FOLK-TALES.

GIRLS AND BEAR.

THERE were three young men, sons of a chief. One was married, he had a nice young wife. The three young men went out one day to hunt. The married one said: "We must kill a bear, it is not right that a chief's son has no bearskin for his wife to sleep on. I must have the skin; you may have half the meat." The brothers said "Yes," and they went on, not talking though they had made their bear-fast and killed and burnt the bear for that year. They saw a big bear that ran very fast, and they ran after him till it was dark and the bear ran into a ravine and got lost away from them. Then they picked out a big tree on a flat place on the side of the ravine and lay down under it to sleep. It was an oak tree, and the branches shook and many acorns fell down on them. They were hungry and ate the acorns. By and by, the youngest brother said: "There is not much wind, I do not like the way this tree acts. Let us go away from here." The brothers said: "Huh! huh! you are a child to fear the acorns. It is now the season for the acorns to fall." "I do not like the tree," the youngest brother said, and went away to the next one. When he had gone the moon came out, and his brothers saw two

fine girls in the tree. The girls said "come up," and the brothers said "come down," many times. At last the girls let down their hair-strings and drew the brothers up, and the brothers stayed and slept there. In the morning, when they would have come down, they could not, for they were tied fast by the hair-strings of the girls; and when the youngest brother heard the crying out of the brothers and would have helped them, the old bear came out of a hole in the tree and he had to run away. When he ran home, many braves went to the tree, but they could not see the brothers though they heard their voices. When the tree was cut down, the brothers were not in it, their voices were heard under the roots. When many dug in the ground they could not find the brothers; so the little brother had his brother's wife and was the young chief. Those girls were witches, and the bear was their father.

THE GREY-WOLF AND THE ORPHAN BOY.

There was an orphan boy went hunting by himself in the woods. He was a very poor boy and had no friends; so that was why he went off hunting by himself. He went a long way, and did not find anything to kill. At last he saw a very small grey-wolf's cub. "You are an orphan, too," he said to it. "If you had a mother she would crack your fleas. I will take you for my brother." He went on; he killed a bird and gave it to the weak little wolf. By and by they went to bed on the leaves. In the morning he killed more birds, but the little wolf could not get enough. So they went on many days, but the little wolf did not get fat. In a year's time he did not get fat, but he got tall; he could hunt. The boy was lonesome; he did not like to have no friend but a wolf. One day the wolf brought a baby to him. It was a girl. It was pretty. It had

good clothes and beads. The wolf talked, it was the first time. The wolf said: "Go to the village, it is near." He took the baby to the village, it was the chief's baby. He had a grown daughter. The poor boy married her and had plenty of all things. The wolf came one night. He said: "I was fooling. I was not a cub, I was a grandfather. I pitied you and wanted to make your fortune." The wolf went away. The orphan boy cried, but the wolf had made his fortune. When the other girl grew up, he had her too.

THE WOMAN AND THE TREE-GHOST.

There was a woman got mad at her husband when they were out hunting plums. She started to go home. She had to sleep in the woods. In the night she waked up and heard a man say: "I have found a wife." She tried to run away, but the man caught her and would not let her go. In the morning, she was tied to a tree, and no man was there. She was in the woods a long time. One day she got her hand loosed, she got her knife and cut the thongs. She ran till she fell down. Then it was almost night. She had a flint, she made a fire to save her from the man, she kept by it. She saw the man come running, he came up and fought with her; he fell down in the fire, and got up and fell again. In the morning there was a burned tree where he fell. She ran home, but she died next day.

THE MAN AND THE TREE-GHOST.

A man was going along in the woods to find some poles to cut. He saw an old tree and broke a limb. The sap looked like blood. He was scared, he ran, he fell down. He had hurt his foot, he could not go fast any more. It was night, he had to stop. He made a

big fire; then the trees came around and slapped, but they could not get him because of the big fire. In the morning they went away. He was all scratched up, but they did not get to kill him. He went home. He was sick a long time.

THE MAN AND THE YOUNG GIRL.

A young man was out on the prairie. He had got out of the woods. A girl came up and said: "You will do for a husband." He could not see her very well, it was night, but he loved her very much. Before day she said: "I must go away and tell my parents." She would not let him go. She said: "Wait here." He waited there. At night she came back. Next day when he awoke she was gone. He saw a young elm he had not seen. He peeled the bark from a limb and ate it. At night she came back; she said: "I went to my mother; she is sick; she will come up soon." She had her arm tied up. She said: "A wild cat scratched me in the woods. My father killed it." Next day she was gone. He did not like that; he went on. He got into the hazel brush; he made a fire that night in a clear place. She called him: "Come out here." He said: "Come here." A long time they called, then he was mad, he lay down. His fire went down. She came up. He said: "I think you are a ghost." He threw brush on the fire. She screamed and ran away. He did not go in the woods any more that year.

THE DUCK-WOMAN.

There were many young men and boys went swimming. They saw some nice-looking girls a little way off, and swam up to them. The girls laughed. They did not talk, and they did not go away. When they had played a long time, one young man got the girl he liked best

near the shore, and then he took her up and ran home with her. The others changed to ducks with black heads and flew away. The girl was a good wife. She could not talk. He said: "Don't go to the river." She did not go. One day a hunter went there. He had many dead ducks. He said: "Cook these ducks." She was scared, and ran to the river and swam away. The young man could not find her. He never liked any wife he had as well as that duck-girl.

THE WOODPECKER-MAN.

There was a girl went out to pick some hazel nuts. She went with other girls, but she got lost away from them in the brush. A young man came up. He had fine clothes and a red scalplock ornament. He said: "You will do for a wife." She was afraid, and screamed. The other girls did not hear her scream. He took her away to where were many trees; he took her where many dead trees stood, beyond the live trees. She saw many woodpeckers, but no people. She stayed there with him. She cried so much that at last he let her go. He showed her the way home. He said: "You are a fool to go home." She got home. She was despised. She wished she had not gone home. She made a tent in the brush. She had her baby there. He had a red scalp-lock. He grew up fast. He knew all things. The people made him chief. Then she despised her enemies.

PRAIRIE-CHICKEN WOMAN.

A prairie-chicken lost her husband. Soon she would like to have another husband. All the birds and beasts were afraid to marry her, because she was a witch. They gave her presents, but they would not marry her. She saw a woman in a field working. The woman had a little boy following along after her. Prairie-Chicken made herself

large like an eagle. She carried off the boy. She took him home. She made medicine to make him grow. He grew up and married Prairie-Chicken. The mother hunted for him, but she did not know him when she saw him, because he had grown up so fast. The old woman is in the woods hunting for him yet. He was never in the woods much.

THE AWL.

A poor widow who had lost all her children had no one to bring her some meat but three old dogs. Sometimes the poor old dogs could not catch anything. One night all lay down hungry, all were starving that night. Somebody said: "There is plenty of meat across the river." She said: "Who said that?" Four times it was said, and then she found out that it was the awl in the awl-case on the wall that was talking. The cover had come off the case, so the awl could talk out. She talked to the awl, but he would not talk any more; so she called the dogs out, and they crossed the river on the ice. There were many rabbits found there and one deer. She killed the deer, and the old dogs got spry and killed the rabbits. They had plenty of meat till spring came on.

THE GIRL-WITH-SPOTS-ON-HER-FACE.

All of the girls went out to get plums. Some of the girls were going to get married. The girl-with-spots-on-her-face was going to marry soon. A band came along. It was an enemy's band of young men, and they chased the girls. Some girls ran and got killed, and some hid and got away home, and some hid and got caught. Three girls got caught, and the girl-with-spots-on-her-face was one of the girls to get caught. The young braves took them home, and those girls belonged to those braves that took them home. The girls were mad, but they could not

help themselves at all; but after a while the girl-with-spots-on-her-face, she could help them. She made medicine in the tent, when that brave that was her man she hated for a husband was gone out. One night she made that man sleep and all the people sleep, and she waked up those two girls that were taken with her. They killed those three men and no more, and she danced and sang with a corn-ear in her arm to keep those folks asleep; and they took many ponies and went back to their own folks. The folks were glad those girls got back, and the most for the girl that did all for them to get back; and the young man that was her young man before she was stolen fluted her again. But she told him: "Young man, stop that! I don't want you any more, because you did not come after me when I was a prisoner to that man I killed." So he stopped, and she would not have any man in that camp; and she could not get a man, till a big brave came from a tribe far off, and she said: "Yes, I will go with this man." So she went away, and it was a good thing for that tribe she went to. The other girls, they married their men they had in the first place to marry. They were not much of girls.

THE YOUNG MAN THAT KILLED HIMSELF AND WAS MADE ALIVE AGAIN.

It was a long while back. Two young men made a blood-friendship.[1] One said: "Let us go out and steal some horses." The other said: "Whooh! yes, we will go out and steal some horses." They went a long way to where a camp was with many horses of the Kickapoos. The horses were on one side of the camp and the men watched them. "Let us wait till it is night," said the

[1] "Blood-friendship" is made by the two interested scratching their left wrists with a knife and holding them together, so that the blood may mingle. This makes a tie closer than relationship. It must be between those of the same sex. No one may have more than one blood-friend.

young man. "All right, let us wait." They waited. They lay down in the long grass. When it was night, one said: "I will go, you wait here." The other said: "No, I will go." "No, I spoke first." So he went. He did not come back in a long time, so the one who waited killed himself. He could not live without his friend, he could not go back. By-and-bye, the other came back. He said: "I waited a long time, they watched too close, I could not steal any." Then he found the other one, the dead young man. He carried him a long way. He stopped not at all till daylight, then he stopped under a cotton-wood tree, the limbs high up. When he got his strength back, he hung the dead one up to the high limbs, he made medicine under him and made him alive. Then, he let him down, and said: "Ain't you a nice fool making me so much work to get all the pieces of your soul,[1] because I waited for the camp to go sleep? Well, now! go back and get horses by yourself." Then that nice fool went back, next night. He stole many horses and gave half to that young medicine-friend that saved his life.

[1] A suicide's soul explodes.

CATALOGUE OF MUSQUAKIE BEAD-WORK AND OTHER OBJECTS.

THE objects here catalogued are not "merely pretty and picturesque," they are, almost without exception, ceremonial. This statement is made for the sake of those students of folk-lore who have warned collectors of wild peoples' property that they should neglect the merely pretty and picturesque, and gather in such objects as are ceremonial, a fair enough warning till one comes to realise that to the wild man surrounded by civilization and making a stand against it, everything that pertains to his free and savage past has become a ceremonial object. The Musquakie, hating and repelling civilization, yet, to an extent succumbing to his environment and availing himself of its conveniences, buys his plate and cup, his flour, his shabby, cheap clothes, all for everyday use and wear, from the white trader; but when the time comes for his wedding and his burial, for the solemn high festivals of his religion and their attendant feasts, he must wear the garments his women make for him, the ornaments fashioned by his skill and theirs, and eat the food of his ancestors prepared in the old way and served in the vessels that by usage have become sacred. And as the husband is the wife is, with perhaps an increase of affection for her gay garments, because they enhance her good looks.

WOMAN'S OR GIRL'S DANCE COSTUME.

1. Silver Comb.

Even the silver comb, worn with as much vanity as a white dame does a tiara of uncommon glitter, has a place in the religious drama that claims so large a part of Indian life; for silver is "good medicine," and the wearing of it helps in the propitiation of the Meechee Manito-ah and the Ancestral Animals or Totems, almost as much as do the dancing and prayers. In addition, silver in the hair is a protection to the soul, which lies under the scalp-lock in a little bulb. The teeth of the middle of the comb are supposed to touch the soul; for a squaw's hair is parted and combed smoothly over her temples, and kept in place by this silver thing, which goes over her crown and almost to her ears.

2. Cloth Hair-Wrapper with Bead Embroidery.

A squaw's hair, after she attains to puberty, is clubbed at the back and wrapped in this envelope, which has on it a design that was "pow-wowed" by the shaman as a woman did the embroidery. It is kept in its place by a hair-string of woven beads.

3. Hair-String.

This is a woman's most important possession, excepting her "medicine." It is made for her by her mother or grandmother, in what she tells the pale-face are "luck" patterns. It also is much pow-wowed by the shaman, and much disapproved of by the agents and missionaries, who would gladly see the making of bead-work done away with, and disapprove of the hair-string more than the other varieties. By its aid its owner can work sorceries; or, if it is taken from her, by its aid she herself is bewitched or enslaved. A woman will go from the man she loves to a man she hates, if he has contrived

to possess himself of her hair-string; and a man will forsake wife and children for a witch who has touched his lips with her hair-string. Half the folk-tales concerning women have to do with the use or loss of it.

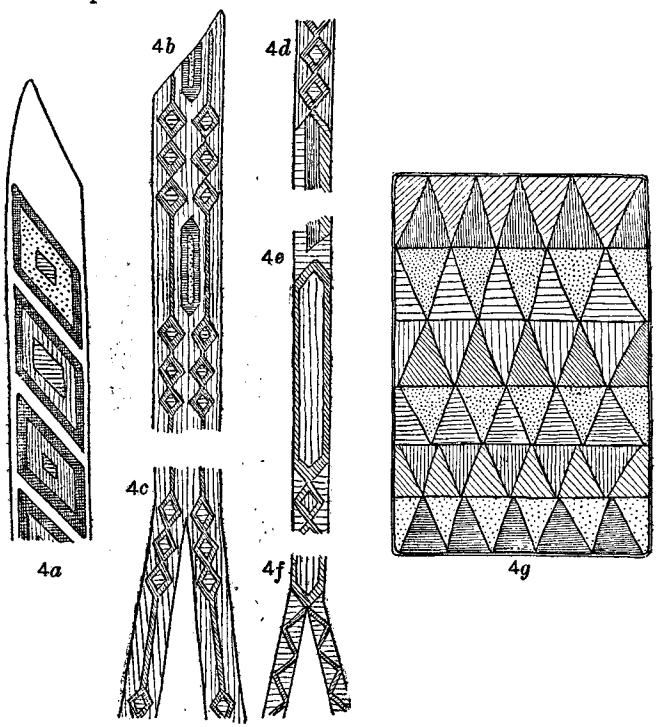
4. Wrapper and Hair-String. (Figs. 4a-g.)

The queue is rather grotesque when viewed by itself; but when a row of girls are dancing, the wrappers dangling at their shoulders and the hair-strings reaching almost to their feet make a good effect. After marriage, a woman generally leaves off this adornment. She may lose, sell, or give away the wrapper, but it behoves her to hide the hair-string in a secure place. After her death, somebody finds it and presents it to a friend.

A squaw's hair-wrapper is a talisman. Her hair-string is a talisman when it is first worn, but it becomes something infinitely more sacred and precious, is transfused with the essence of her soul, is—I know not whether to say a part of herself, or her representative. If anyone gains possession of it, he has her for an abject slave if he keeps it, he kills her if he destroys it. Both hair-string and wrapper are made for her by a relative, and are donned by her at puberty. The wrapper is of black cloth with a prayer embroidered on it. The string is of woven beads: black, if the family can possibly afford to have the shaman pow-wow it, geometrical figures to show that the woman-with-spots-on-her-face did likewise, and the symbol of her mother's secret society. When she is dressed for her wedding, she takes it off and hides it and not even her husband may see it again or touch it.

The prayers said by the weaver (who must be her mother, or one of her father's women-kin), the woman-with-spots-on-her-face and the shaman, while a little tobacco or a few blue beads are burned in the wigwam fire, are, for the wrapper:—"Make her strong, make her beautiful, give her a good husband, give her many fine

children, let her be pleasant to her husband, let her husband be pleasant to her"; for the hair-string:— "Let her become a wise woman, a woman-with-spots-on-her-face, let her keep herself above reproach, let her be safe from witches and devils, let no one get her hair-string away from her, let her not work sorcery by means of her hair-string." A "woman-with-spots-on-her-face" is a woman made fetish in her girlhood by having many Religion dances given in her honour, each dance entitling her to a spot.



Although No. 4 consists of one continuous strip with forked ends, it may conveniently be described in two parts:

(*a*) A beaded band, 670 mm. long by 20 mm. broad, worked in the pattern shown in Fig. 4a. The bead-work ends diagonally, and the strings are woven on without the beads to a length of 440 mm. on

one side and a length of 108 mm. on the other. The lower portions of these interwoven strings are enwrapped in blue ribbon, the free ends of which are tied together, thus making the strip into a loop, consisting of bead-work (Fig. 4a) and interwoven strings.

(*b*) Below the blue bow, the strings continue as a pair of similar queues. Each queue begins with bead-work 20 mm. broad with a ground of pink beads, and the pattern shown in Fig. 4b. After a length of about 200 mm. the queues fork as at Fig. 4c, but the same pattern continues until at 135 mm. lower down it changes as at Fig. 4d. About 135 mm. beyond, the pattern changes to that shown in Fig. 4e, and 225 mm. lower down each strip forks as shown in Fig. 4f. These 8 terminal portions are about 230 mm. in length, 4 of them end in tassels of purple and orange ribbons, and 4 in blue and green ribbons, 45 mm. long.

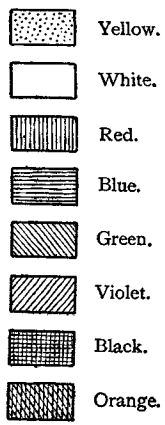
The wrapper is of black cloth on the outside, and measures 375 mm. by 142 mm. The ends are bound with green ribbon. At each end is an oblong panel of bead-work, one measuring 111 mm. by 67 mm., the other 98 mm. by 68 mm. Each is outlined by a row of white beads. The design is the same in both, though the colours vary. The smaller panel is shown in Fig. 4g.[1]

5. Silver Earrings.

6. Silver Finger Rings.

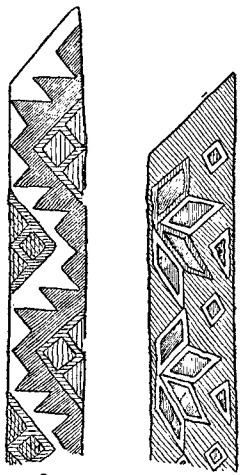
7. Silver Bracelets.

All silver ornaments are talismans and amulets. Silver is "good medicine" always, and its potency is increased and diverted when it is cut into jewellery and graven with "luck" characters. The work is done by a native smith, who does not invoke the aid of the shaman. Formerly, he bought his silver, in long strips, from the Mexicans; now he sends to Colorado for it, and receives a purer metal. Unfortunately, his skill is not what



[1] In all the detailed figures the heraldic convention for colour has been adopted, as is illustrated in the accompanying figure. A further distinction has been made by placing the lines close together when the colour is dark and drawing them far apart when it is light.

it was; so, old pieces like these are preferable to new ones. The seller of such warns the buyer to clean them with a lye of yucca or corncob ashes and water from a spring, or caught as it fell from the clouds. Bracelets are better medicine than other silver ornaments. The smith works without patterns and with only a knife, hammer, and awl for tools.



8a 8b

8. Girl's Woven Bead Necklaces. (Figs. 8a, 8b.)

The patterns indicate that the woman-with-spots-on-her-face prayed over them: I could not learn what she said.

8a measures 400 mm. long by 18 mm. broad. The pattern is shown in Fig. 8a.

8b measures 348 mm. long by 23 mm. broad. The pattern is shown in Fig. 8b. The oblique ends of the neck-bands are bound with strips of leather which form the strings.

9. Married Woman's Necklace. (Plate I., fig. 9.)

A married woman's necklace is always long, worn loosely and with ends fastened together, while a girl's is a tight band round the throat. A widow wears no woven necklace; but after the ghost has been carried away she may adorn herself with many strands of beads and glass wampum.

The black colour is to show that the shaman pow-wowed it; the diamond figure is the symbol of her secret society, the blue "heart" is help in the realisation of her maternal aspirations. Long ago, the Indian wife wore turquoise necklaces to increase her fertility; now, glass beads of the turquoise colour or much darker are considered as

efficacious. An old necklace (such as this is) which has belonged to several mothers of large families is more prized than a new one.

The weaver says, "Make me have children, give me many children," hundreds of times, as she works. The shaman mumbles so that no one knows what he says.

Sometimes, if a woman is anxious to possess an unusually fine colt, she hangs her necklace round her pony's neck for a few days.

The bead necklace is 1110 mm. long by 25 mm. broad. The inside edges of the bands are sewn together for a distance of about 15 mm. from their squared ends, which terminate side by side in tassels, 75 mm. long, consisting of complicated strings of turquoise blue beads. The Pattern is shown on Plate I., fig. 9.

10. Strings of Glass Wampum.

Worn by young and old, married and single. Four pounds are considered enough for one person to appear in. The wampum, as well as the small beads for woven work is imported from France by an old man who has had a monopoly of the business among the allied tribes for many years. He says he is told the beads are made in Venice. He is a squaw-man (man with an Indian wife), otherwise he would not have such a matter intrusted to him.

11. Girl's or Woman's Sleeveless Bodice, Ornamented with Silver Discs and Breastplates.

With this must be worn many silver bracelets, so that from wrist to shoulder the arm is almost covered with them. On all the silver pieces are lines which are equivalent to prayers. This bodice is such good medicine that one having it on cannot become ill, and one who is ill can be helped by donning it. But for such a help to the invalid it must be given or lent, not hired.

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12. Girl's or Woman's Sleeved Bodice, Ornamented with Spangles and Ribbon, and having Talisman of Bead Embroidery on the Breast.

The little oblong talisman is supposed to cure pain in the chest; it was made by a "woman-with-spots-on-her-face." The bodice itself has no special value.

13. Woman's or Girl's Doeskin Leggings, Painted and Embroidered.

14. Woman's or Girl's Dance-Skirt.

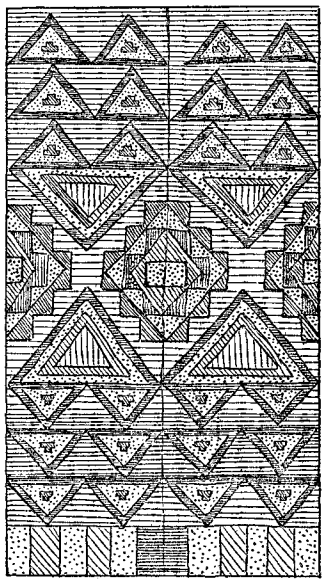
The embroidery is a good "medicine" pattern. It is perhaps worthy of remark that the geometrical patterns are "medicine," while the prettiest floral designs are merely ornamental. If a dancer's skirt is what it should be she will not trip in the dance, nor lose step. Unless the garment is an heirloom, she makes it herself. The embroidery is pow-wowed before it is sewed on. The shaman's fee is generally a puppy or hen.

15, 15a. Women's Medicine-Bags. (Figs. 15, 15a.)

Next in importance to the "medicine" and hair-string They become fetish from holding the "medicine." They are not made with any ceremonies, but after they have held the "medicine" for even a very short time, they so partake of its character that they must be as carefully concealed as it is. Ordinarily the bag and "medicine" are worn under the left arm; but if the woman has a sick child, or one to be sent where there is danger, she wraps the "medicine" in a rag and fastens it in the child's scalp-lock, or under its arm, and hides the bag in some cranny of the wigwam. If she is very sick her medicine is rolled in her scalp-lock, while the bag remains under her arm.

15. Woman's Medicine Bag. (**Fig. 15.**)

Has the symbols of the-woman-with-spots-on-her-face (geometrical figures) because it belonged to one. A medicine bag is made very privately and without any ceremonies. It becomes fetish only after it has held the medicine; but it continues so if the medicine is taken out of it.



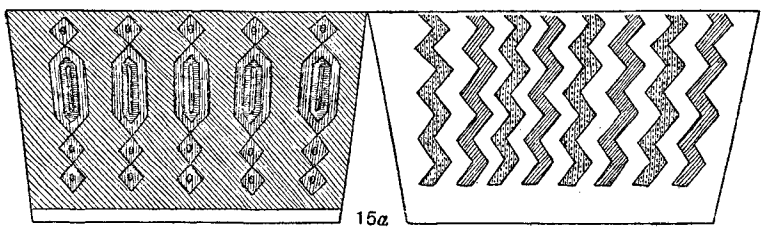
15

This bag is 90 mm. square. It is made in two strips of bead-work, 70 mm. long and 45 mm. broad, joined together side by side to form one strip, which is shown in Fig. 15. This strip is doubled across the middle and sewn up the sides to form the bag. It is finished off at the top with a thick roll of strings, round which is wound a single string of blue beads. The handle is of very long white beads in imitation of dentalium shells, separated by small red beads.

In Fig. 15 the whole pattern is displayed, one half of which forms either side of the bag.

15a. Woman's Medicine Bag. (**Fig. 15a.**)

Has the symbol (waved lines) for running water. This



15a

indicates that the "medicine" or fetish was taken from the water. The pattern on the reverse side seems to be merely ornamental.

This bag is made all in one piece, 220 mm. round the upper edge and 95 mm. along the base line. The strings at the top are finished off in buttonhole stitch.

The patterns are shown in Fig. 15a. The red zig-zags are so spaced with brown thread that they appear brown in certain lights.

16. Woman's "Medicine." (Plate III., fig. 16.)

This is the object dreamed of when the woman had her puberty-fast. It is her most precious fetish. If she lose it she will have trouble, sorrow, need, sickness, and every other adversity, ending in death, which will not be a relief; for her spirit must wander and search, unable to set out for the Happy Hunting Ground until it is found. If it should be destroyed she would die at once, but her ghost would not be vexed. If she die with it on, it may be given to a friend.

This specimen consists of a strip of fur 195 mm. long by 25 mm. broad. It was originally cut into three tails 70 mm. from the base; one of these is torn away and the other two are sewn together for the greater part of their length.

17. Woman's Buckskin Moccasins. (Plate IV.)

With bead embroidery. The wearer belonged to the Eagle or Bird Clan, for she has her totem worked into the pattern. For one not of the totem to wear them would subject her to ridicule.

Right moccasin, 260 mm. long, 180 mm. broad across the flaps. The ground of the left flap is of a deep red colour, the front triangular leaf is green, the one below it is yellow, the upper hinder leaf is pale blue, and the lower, violet. The ground of the right flap is turquoise blue; the front bird is green; it is perched on a red leaf, the lower leaf being violet; the hind bird is pink, it is perched on a black leaf, the lower leaf is yellow. On the top of the moccasin the central device is red, the V-shaped area is light blue, the left side design is deep blue, the right is green, the left-hind design is yellow, and the right, violet. All the designs are outlined in white beads.

18. Buckskin Moccasins with Appliqué Pattern of Silk.

The embroidery is merely for ornament. The moccasins could be worn by anyone of either sex in the tribe, if a man could keep them on. The woman, the burden-bearer, generally has the larger foot.

19. Woman's or Girl's Cloth Blanket Ornamented with Appliqué of Ribbon.

As good a specimen of the garment as can now be found. It is an imitation of the old-time whitened buffalo-robe embroidered with porcupine quills; but it is an unworthy imitation at best, for the ancient model had, beside the gaily painted quills, a border of the ivory teeth of the elk and a fringe of scalps or dyed horse-hair. When the weather is fair, the blanket is doubled and folded about the skirt. It is kept in place by a woollen sash tied in front. When the weather is bad, the wearer unfolds it and makes it serve as both cloak and hood.

20. Woman's or Girl's Sash made of Woollen Yarn.

It has the appearance of a tolerably complicated knitting pattern; but the fabricator works at it with incredible swiftness, and never stops to count stitches. The work is done with the fingers, without the aid of needle or hook.

21. Bag in which Dance Costume is Packed when not Worn.

Woven with the fingers. The cotton threads are fastened round wands set upright in the ground. The yarn pattern is then filled in with the fingers.

MAN'S DANCE COSTUME AND ORNAMENTS.

22. Chief's Scalp-lock Ornament. (Plate III., fig. 22.)

Eagle-feather set in bone, and tipped with red to show that the wearer had killed a warrior. The bone socket

is decorated with feather of "flicker" (golden-winged woodpecker, *Colaptes auratus*), a bird quite as revered a magician as the red-headed species (*Melanerpes erythrocephalus*). A scalp-lock ornament is kept with great care, as it helps to protect the soul. As the tearing out of the scalp-lock makes the soul at its root slave of the one thus obtaining it, so the possession of its ornament and shield, which has absorbed some of its essence, gives the possessor the ability to send the rightful owner brain fever and madness. Also the eagle feather is a badge of rank, only an hereditary chief and his relatives having the right to wear it. A man takes the same care of his scalp-lock ornament that a woman does of her hair-string. It is said that very intimate friends, after mingling the blood as it flows from their left wrists, have been known to exchange ornaments as a further proof of their oneness of heart.

The total length of this specimen is about 440 mm. It consists of a large white feather with a brown tip inserted into a bird's bone tube in which a pair of lateral holes are bored across the bone, corresponding holes also pass through the shaft of the feather; below these the bone is perforated by a slit in which is a piece of bent metal, at the end of the bone is a pair of holes through which is passed a leather string. The 'flicker' feather is inserted in one of the lower lateral holes. The underside of the eagle-feather is decorated with a central plume consisting, from below upwards, of white fur, hair dyed bright red, a band sewed round with black fibre in which are inserted strips of white porcupine quills arranged in bands, in the centre is a band of green quills and the top is surmounted by white fur and red hair.

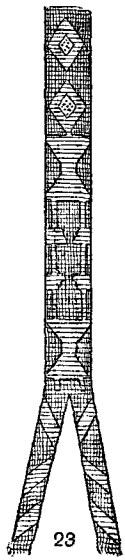
23. Youth's Hawk's Feather Scalp-lock Ornament decorated with Beaded Ribbon. (Fig. 23; Plate III., fig. 23.)

Could be worn by any youth in the tribe, but after he became a man he would not wear it. He dare not destroy it; that might make his soul smaller; he would hide it. The wearing of hawk's feathers makes a youth brave.

It has symbols for the shaman and the-woman-with-spots-on-her-face, showing that both pow-wowed the work: I could not learn what the large figure meant.

This scalp-lock ornament (Plate III., fig. 23) consists of a strip 740 mm. long by 12 mm. broad, which forks after a distance of 575 mm. and each end terminates in a tassel of red wool. At the other end, the leather string which binds the end of the bead-work is fastened to the shaft of a hawk's feather, the shaft being bound with red ribbon. Some dyed feathers are sewn transversely to the hawk's feather.

The ground of the bead-work is in black, with a pattern of turquoise blue diamonds with yellow centres, which changes just above the fork into the pattern shown in Fig. 23.



23

24. Scalp-lock Ornament of Dyed Hair.

Worn by the old men who cling to the almost obsolete custom of having all the hair, excepting the scalp-lock shaved off or pulled out. Only one young man in the tribe now has his hair so ornamented, and his father is blamed for having it thus arranged for his puberty feast, though all admit that it was the old custom.

25. Scalp-lock Ornament of Dyed Cow's Hair, Porcupine Quills, and Feathers of Pinnated Grouse.

The feathers are a protection against sun-stroke.

26. Scalp-lock Ornament of Cow's Hair, Porcupine Quills, Bone Wampum, Brass Beads, and Silver Plate with engraved Arrows forming Rain-cross. (Plate V., fig. 26.)

Worn by a dancer in the Religion dance, when it is given to bring on rain. A dangerous ornament for one who should in anyway transgress the rules of the dance. Nobody tells what the penalty would be. Probably only a few of high degree know.

The length of this object from the top of the metal plate to the end of the band is 466 mm. The silver plate measures 54 by 37 mm., it is decorated with a crenulated line with a dot above each apex, two crossed arrows with their points upwards are engraved in the centre, and between these are four stars. Below the plate are three pieces of bone wampum, 76-78 mm. long, above and below there are several brass beads. Below is a leather band, 300 mm. long and 40-45 mm. broad, on which are fastened six narrow leather bands, 245 mm. long, covered with bright red quill-work. On the six bands there are two similar designs each of which consists of four parallel white bands and two shorter bands above and below these; all are bounded above and below by a narrow green quill band; on each side of the two central white bands is an orange band. The sides of the main band are provided with three pairs of looped strips of red quill-work, the end of each strip terminates in a metal bugle, from which depends a tuft of orange hair. Below the six long bands are six short bands 40 mm. long, also bound round with bright red quill-work. Each long and short band terminates in a metal bugle from which depends a tuft of deep red hair. The large tuft of cow's hair dyed orange is about 500 mm. in length, and is attached to the back of the main band a short distance above its lower end.

27. Shaman's Scalp-lock Ornament. (Plate V., fig. 27.)

The silver plate is tied at the root of the scalp-lock. Below the plate dangle a small wand ornamented with silver, ermine, and feathers, and strips of mink-fur held together by beads. The value of silver as "medicine" has already been referred to; but the ordinary tribesman seems not to know why his shaman pays the Ute or Sioux the price of a horse for the skin of a stoat or ermine. The value of feathers is better understood by the common people. Many folk-tales are of the good fortune attendant on those who have a feather from the plumage of these sorcerers that are birds or men at will. Of course, the feathers are fetish. So too is mink-fur. The "old man" wears this ornament on occasions of ceremony. Sometimes, when he is dancing before a sick person he takes it off, caresses and whispers to the little wand, and then replaces it on his head. For

ordinary wear he has a silver disc the size of a crown-piece at the root of his scalp-lock, to conserve the powers of his soul.

The circular silver plate is 64 mm. in diameter; near its margin is engraved a scalloped circle; the space within this is filled by a large six-pointed plain star, in the centre of which is a small star (this alone appears in the figure); the spaces between the rays of the large star are filled by fine zigzag engraving.

The wand, which is about 220 mm. long (excluding the feathers), is made of wood and bound round with black fibre, with two series of vertical oblongs of quill-work, the oblongs being white above and red below on one side and red above and white below on the other. In the centre is an octagonal silver buckle incised with a scalloped circle, at each end a band of white fur and a tuft of green and white feathers.

The two fur pendants are 645 mm. long and are circular in section; 80. mm. from the top they are bound with several rows of variously coloured beads; 265 mm. from the top is a length of white and violet bead-work, consisting of violet squares on a white ground and of white squares on a violet ground; near the end are three rows of bead-work, the upper one is pink with green diamonds, the central is very dark violet with yellow diamonds, and the lowermost yellow with dark violet diamonds (the two lower bands appear uniform in the photograph, though they are very distinct in the original). From the lower border depend four leathern strings which end in metal bugles. The two fur pendants are fastened together above, and at this spot hang down two flat leathern strings (260 mm. long), the upper portion of each of which is sewed with yellow porcupine quill-binding, and six short leathern strings which terminate in metal bugles.

28. Scalp-lock worn as Soul-protector. (Plate V., fig. 28.)

After a dance, or other ceremonial that calls the people together, the hospitably inclined make feasts for their friends. After a feast, at a given signal—a war-whoop or drum-tap—the squaws throw sods on the fire, the young men throw down and trample the torches. Then, in the darkness, anyone may attempt to tear a lock from any scalp. A few bold squaws go lock-hunting, but the majority and all the children run to the wigwams.

Now and then one of the Amazons has a tress torn out, but it is not of much value. The men carry knives with which they cut the lock they tear out, if it is held in a braid or bound fast in any way at the lower end. It is not considered "good form" to take a lock large enough to leave a conspicuous bald spot. After the melee, everybody goes off in the best possible humour. Many Musquakies disapprove of the custom. Those who approve say that the little lock is a preventive of madness, melancholia, cowardice, and dotage.

The total length is 600 mm. and the breadth 12 mm. The pattern consists of a zigzag band, the upper part of which is red and the lower pink with blue central spots, the intervening triangles are dark blue. The hair does not look like human hair.

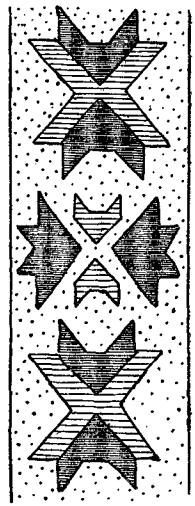
29. Bead Head-bands with pattern showing Secret Society Emblems. (a. Plate I., fig. 29; b. fig. 29b.)

29a. Head-band with Pattern showing Wearer's Degree in Clan Society.

It belonged to a man high in the Fish or Water clan, and has in it the cross, the symbol of the Rain-Serpent. Every clan is said to have in its highest degree devotees of the Rain-Serpent; but it is considered to be most propitious to the Fish clan. The Serpent, one must remember, is not a Totem, but a malignant being that all the Totems are entreated to assist in placating; and the supposed favour it shows the Fish clan raises this clan in times of drought or excessive rains above even the Eagle clan. Consequently, this degree of the cross in the clan above-mentioned is the most important in the tribe. Though the members of it deny every assertion made about it by gossips, there is a belief current that their rites are phallic. When there is to be a Religion dance to bring on rain, there are, beforehand, many meetings of the men who wear these symbols on their heads or legs, with the Fish clansmen in the lead. As they go to the wigwam where they

hold the meetings, they have a boy walking before them with a live snake (a water-moccasin, or rattle-snake) in a basket; and they hum an air without words, and make gestures that at any other time would be considered inexcusably indecent. At the door of the wigwam they take the snake from the boy and send him away. When asked why the cross symbolises the great serpent that controls the water supply of the heavens and the earth, the women explain that a long time ago Manito-ah laid a stick across the serpent in reminder that it was not all-powerful, but must yield to him; the men say they don't know.

This band is 570 mm. in circumference by 30 mm. The ground is of white beads, with alternate blue and white beads along the margin. The design is shown in Pate I., fig. 29.



29b.

29b. "Luck" Pattern in Head-band.[1]

This pattern appears in both leg and head bands. Nothing could be learned of it except that it was sure to bring good luck to the wearer. When asked if it were a society band, everyone pretended not to understand the question, but both men and women said, "Luck band, luck band, bring heap good luck."

No. 29b measures 565 mm. by 44 mm. and is fastened together at the ends by strings. The pattern is shown in Fig. 29b.

[1] There is another bead head-band which is more than a mere ornament. Its pattern is a bright butterfly on a blue ground. It is worn to cure headache. It is noteworthy because there is a belief prevalent among the Musquakies that while the body sleeps the soul sometimes escapes from the bulb at the root of the scalp-lock and wanders about in the form of a butterfly. In consequence of this belief it is considered wrong to wake a friend suddenly, lest his soul might be absent and he thus be rendered idiotic. Of course it is meritorious to surprise an enemy out of his wits. The homeless butterflies are greedily sought and eaten by devils, as the eating of souls increases their power.

30. Silver Head-band worn as Talisman.

Prevents diseases of the head and blindness.

31. Silver Earrings.

32. Silver Earrings.

33. Shell Wampum Earrings.

34. Necklace of Beads with Carved Bone Ornament.

The blue beads are fetish, because they are an imitation of turquoise. Long ago, the old people say, they made perilous trips to the southwest and obtained turquoise, and made it into beads that kept off every misfortune. It is singular that the glass imitation is considered as efficacious.

35. Necklace of Glass Wampum.

Worn at dances and feasts, and by both sexes. Men make presents of it as if it were genuine wampum, but they never throw it on the council-fire.

36. Necklace of "Dutch" or Bone Wampum, and Beads.

Bone wampum is now made in Connecticut and sold by the Indian agents. Tradition says it was first manufactured by the Dutch of New York to take the place of the precious clam-shell wampum of the natives. It is worn by dancers, and given as presents to those who take part in the Religion dance.

37. Necklace of Shell Wampum.

Made of the shells of a species of land snail. Worn at the dances and used as money.

38. Necklace containing all the most precious kinds of Wampum—Ivory, Cowrie, Snail-shell, White and Purple Clam-shell, and Brass Beads made by the native smiths from cartridges.

Four beads of the purple wampum are cast into the great council-fire every time it is lighted. They are made from the purple spot, or "eye," of the clam-shell.

A whole day's work is required for one bead. This necklace is considered worth a herd of ponies, each bead being worth a pony or ten dollars, a pony being a standard of value. The necklace was obtained from the widow of a chief. She declared it was genuine when asked if it was not a glass imitation. The purple bead and the white one at the fastening are undoubtedly genuine clam-shell; but the others are suspiciously pretty and regular. They are said to have belonged to Black Hawk—the whole necklace, not merely one sort of beads. When, where, and how the long ivory beads were made has been forgotten. The material for the brass beads came from a battle-field. The cowries, so the Musquakies say, were a long time ago spit into a chief's hand by a man who immediately after ran away.

39. Silver Finger-rings.

Turtle and Eagle totems are engraved on them. Turtle rings are worn by members of the Fish or Water Clan to insure long life. The Eagle ring merely indicates the clan of the owner, and does not affect his health or fortune.

40. Silver Bracelets.

"*Whoo-lau-kee-chee*" in the Musquakie tongue, meaning sacred or holy band. The same term is applied to a dancer's bead-garter. The plural is *whoo-lau-kee-chee-oc.* Considered very good medicine.

41. Bracelets of Porcupine-quills.

"*Whoo-lau-kee-chee-oc.*" The name seems to indicate that the shape of the ornament, and not its material, makes it "medicine."

42. Dance-shirt.

A garment bought from a white trader, and made worthy to be worn in the dances by the work of men and women Musquakies, the men making the silver discs and large beads, the women the embroidered "breast-

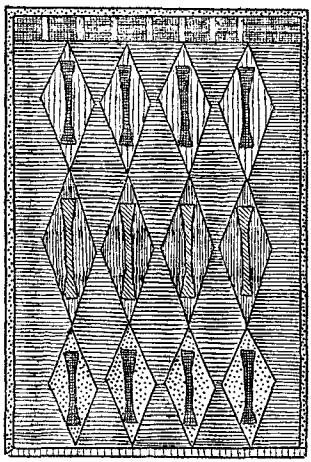
plate" which (with the shaman's pow-wow assisting) is a protection from diseases of the lungs.

43. Embroidered "Breastplate."

Pattern merely ornamental, but the materials were "pow-wowed" as used in it; it is a protection from diseases of the lungs.

44. Talisman.

Worn on the breast as protection from diseases of the lungs.



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45. Talisman to be worn on the Breast as protection against Consumption. (Fig. 45.)

The arrow in the embroidery is to intimidate the devil that enters by a man's mouth (if he leave it open when he sleeps), and gnaws his lungs. Indians as often die of horror of their devil as of the consumption itself.

The breastplate of bead-work, 125 mm. by 80 mm., is sewn on to a strong foundation of leather. The pattern is shown in Fig. 45.

46. Zerape of Buckskin with Sioux Embroidery.

Must have been a present from a Sioux visitor, though a Musquakie wore it many times in the dances, where it was distinguishable from other such garments by the beadwork, but not by the material or shape.

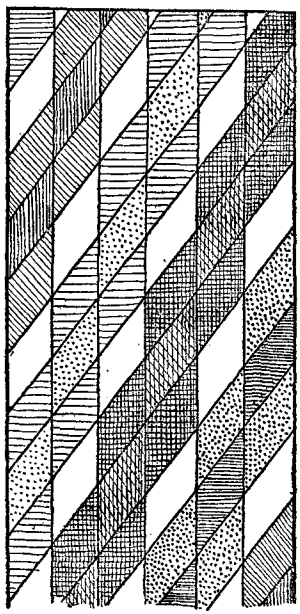
47. Treaty-Belt of Glass Wampum passed from the Sacs to the Musquakies. (Plate VI., fig. 47.)

One precisely like it was passed from the Musquakies to the Sacs. With the exception that the pattern is brown, instead of purple, it is a very good copy of the treaty-belts sent to the first white settlers with whom

the Musquakies had dealings. In general effect, it resembles the still more ancient belts of braided brown bark with a decoration of white shell-wampum. This belt is said to be old—as old as the affiliation of the tribes; but no one puts a date on its manufacture. At any rate, it is not new, for the beads are falling apart from the rottenness of the thread on which they are strung. It was formerly worn by the head-chief at his council. It was sold as a revenge for the affront of the Sacs on the Nemaha Reservation, who endeavoured to have the few Musquakies on that reservation expelled.

The length is 1,450 mm. and the average breadth 100 mm. The pattern is made of brown transparent beads while the ground is made of opaque white beads.

48. Bead-Belt recounting Tribal History. (Fig. 48; Plate VII., fig. 48.)



48

Worn during the dancing by a young chief, but held in the hands by the tribal historian as he stands by the council-fire recounting what it commemorates. Its story is of the flights of the tribe, westward from the Iroquois, eastward and southward from the Sioux, and northward from the Shawnees. It is not so interesting as the great belts that tell of the kindnesses of the Iowas and Ojibways; but these cannot be bought, nor coaxed away by presents.

The belt has a story which is duly recounted by the tribal historian as he holds it up before the people gathered about the council-fire, but

he does not seem to be reading it from the pattern into which the beads are woven. He speaks as follows: "Rough was the trail, broken was the trail, hard for the young braves to go over, too hard for the old men, the women and the children to flee along. Cold were the days, and the nights colder and with storms. At first came rain, and then the snow followed. The snow was thick in the air, on the ground; we went like blind men, like lame men, stumbling and falling. It was hard going for the pursuers, whose bellies were broad with meat and corn; it was harder for us who fled from their great numbers with our belts tightened on our emptiness, with our legs grown thinner than a deer's legs, and our short breaths bursting our breasts. Many babies died on their mothers' backs. Mothers died, and there was none to take up their live babies. Many children fell and could not get up. The old people fell down and died. If any fell and did not die, the friends clubbed them out of pity and went on. There was no food. There was no fire. The people ate roots; they ate bark and worms, if they could find any in the bark. The enemy came nearer. They came nearer. They sang songs louder than the wind; they gave the war-cry loud and terrible. Our men were poor in mind: our women began to sing their death-songs back of the tongue, because they could not speak out; they could not raise the voice. All the children had died. All the old people had died, and many young mothers and braves. None might stop and mourn for the dead; they received no honour, they lay unburied; they were not started on the Ghost Road, the road to the Happy Hunting Ground. Never have they been sent to the Happy Hunting Ground. We shall not see them again, we cannot find them." (Sounds of mourning from the assemblage.) "But the good Manito-ah had not forgotten us. The good Manito-ah had the hard life and the poor mind (grief, melancholy) of his people in remembrance. He sent buffalo to meet them,

many and easy to kill, buffalo with fat humps and delicate tongues to nourish the people. We had much meat, meat in plenty; there was plenty of dried meat, of pounded meat, till the warm winds came; the birds came and the deer. The enemy ceased from following. The people waited in pleasant places. The grass grew, they made wigwams of the grass. They had berries, they had plums and nuts. The women bore children. The new-born children were fat, they were strong, they threw out their arms, they kicked with their strong legs when they were newly born." (Grunts of satisfaction from the audience.) "The enemy came, the Dacotahs. They were hunting when they came upon us. They came upon us in the Moon of Nuts (October). They made war parties. They were very many. Our people had not enough young men to kill them and take their wives and horses. Our people went away. They went back on the old trail. They heard the ghosts calling. They were poor in mind when they heard the ghosts calling, they turned from the old trail. They went along the great river, they faced the south wind. They went a long journey. They went to the Shawnees. The Shawnees were very pleasant. They met our people, the fleeing people; they comforted us. They built fires. All night they cooked the pounded corn, the fat of deer and the flesh of young dogs. They fed us till our bellies were tight with cooked food and plums mixed with cherries. Very many were the bowls of food they gave; very fine were the new clothes they gave, and beds of furs and robes well tanned. Our people had friendship with them a long time; we went out with them to hunt, to steal from their enemies, to kill their enemies and count coup[1] on them and bring back their scalps. The Kickapoos spoiled the friendship. They told crooked words (lies) on our people; they put on moccasins like ours and made

[1] Not the man who kills, but the man who first touches the body gets the credit of the killing.

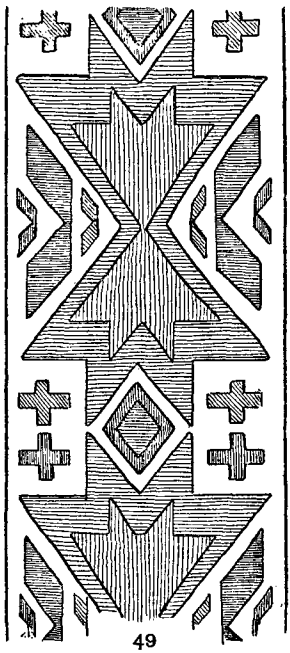
trails to the springs; they spoiled the springs; they killed some of the old blind people of the Shawnees, and the tracks (footprints) were like ours. The Shawnees were deceived; they had the bad heart toward us, they drove us out. No more we hunted together; no more we made war parties together and scalped the enemies and counted coup, and brought back the scalps for the girls to dance with. We were not many warriors; though the women had borne many children, they had not yet grown up. We were a little people, though strong in heart, a very valiant people. We were driven away, we had to go away. We went away again fleeing by night and by day. We followed the river, and came into a pleasant country having fruit and nuts, having buffalo, having fish in the waters, having many birds, and beasts with furs, and earth suitable for the women to sow with corn and melons. We were in this good country a long time. We have come back to it. Many children have grown up here; we are now a great people, the tribe is strong. All this the belt tells, the belt woven in the house of the historian, as he desired it to be woven, as he commanded it to be woven, as he commanded the old woman to weave it, as the old woman, She-an-o-ah, wove it as he commanded, in the old time, telling about the old time, not the oldest time of all, the time of the Brothers before all other times."

The bead-work of this belt is 570 mm. long by 76 mm. broad, and the square ends are finished off with a fringe of red wool. Each fringe consists of seven braids of wool, into which the weaving strings are plaited for a short distance after which the long ends of the wool are left loose. The entire fringe is 320 mm. long at one end and 380 mm. long at the other. The belt is shown on Plate VII., fig. 48, and the detail is shown in Fig. 48.

49. Bead-belt with Secret Society Emblems. (Fig. 49.)

I cannot find out anything about this belt, except that it belonged to a Fish Clan man of high degree and that it has the cross, the symbol of the Rain Serpent.

This belt is 790 mm. long by 70 mm. broad, with a partly braided fringe of various brightly coloured wools looped round the binding of calico, which borders the square ends. The pattern is shown in Fig. 49.



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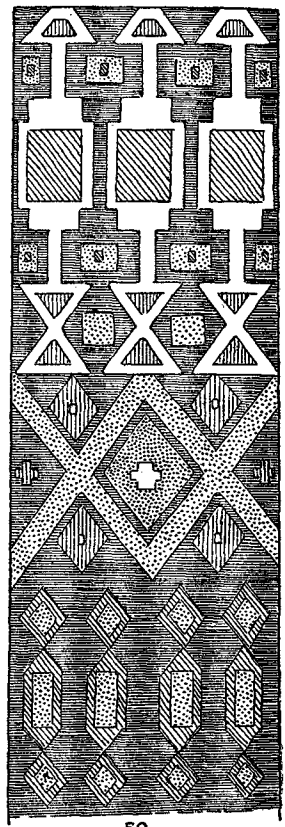


50

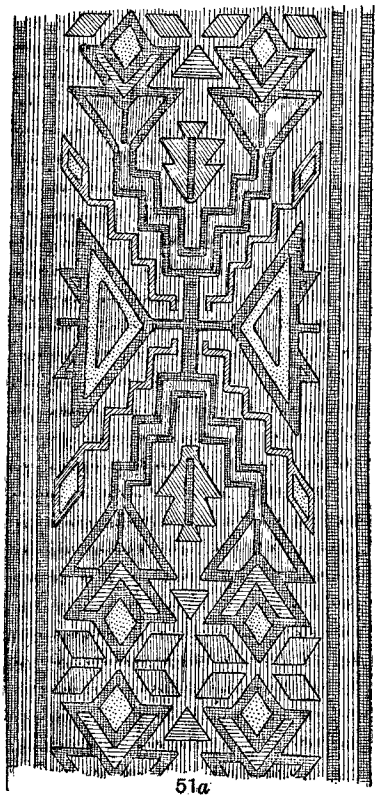
50. Bead-belt with Secret Society Emblems. (Fig. 50.)

Each of the seven clans of the Musquakies has its secret society; and each society has its emblems, which are displayed in the painted dots and lines on the faces of its members, and in the belts they wear at the dances. I cannot find out anything about the patterns in this belt.

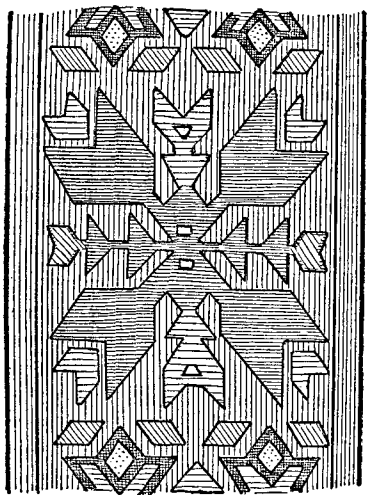
The belt is 1020 mm. long by 76 mm. broad. The square ends are finished off with fringes consisting of 9 plaits of red wool and yellow

beads. In each fringe the 3 central plaits appear to have been made shorter than the others and without beads, the outer plaits have alternate lengths of braided wool and beads. Each plait ends in a tassel of red wool. In the beaded plaits a double row of beads placed alternately to one another is made by threading a bead on to each outside string of the plait. Below this pattern (which occurs at the top of most of the braided elements of the fringe) are alternate lengths of unbeaded braiding and two or three lengths consisting of three single rows of beads (5-11 in number) threaded on the three strands of the plait, and themselves treated as half of the cycle of a plait.

51. Bead-belt with Secret Society History in the Pattern. (**Fig. 51a, 51b; Plate VII., fig. 51.**)



51*a*



51*b*

Such belts are owned by the shamans of the secret

societies. It is said that at the meetings of a society, the shaman takes off his belt, holds it in his hands and recounts the history for which it stands, but this is merely hearsay; no secret society man either affirms or denies it. The secret of the belt is jealously kept by those who know it. It is utterly impossible to learn what the patterns stand for. No one outside the cult will know until the Musquakies give up the ancient religion.

This belt consists of a band 810 mm. long with an average breadth 98 mm. terminating at each end in 4 narrow strips, about 350 mm. long (but the length is variable) and 18 mm. broad. Each of these strips forks 65-70 mm. from the ends, which are finished off with tassels, averaging 150 mm. in length, made of red wool. The pattern of the broad belt is shown in Plate VII., fig. 51, and the details are shown in Figs. 51a and 51b, the latter being the central design. Owing to the imperfections of the photographic process the patterns of the narrow strips do not appear in the plate; the patterns are practically similar in all the strips, though the colours vary: the outermost strip at each end has a black design on a yellow ground; the next one has a violet design on a yellow ground; the next one a torquoise blue design on a pink ground; the innermost one a black design on a lavender blue ground.

52. Killikinnick Bag (Plate VI. fig. 52) and Society Belt.

These bags hang from the belts of the dancers as conveniences as well as ornaments. They hold, besides the killikinnick or sacred tobacco (which is more red willow bark and partridge-berry leaf than tobacco), a variety of amulets, such as the stone from the eye of a catfish, a round pebble and stone awl. When not worn, they serve as cases to pack the belts in. Some are of bead-embroidered buckskin; but the very old ones are made from the larger intestine of the buffalo, and decorated with quill embroidery.

This bag is made of a folded piece of soft buckskin, the two edges of which are dentated and sewn together to form one side of the bag. The top upper trefoils of the bead-work on the figured side are torquoise blue, the stems and base are violet, the central trefoil is deep red, the two downwardly projecting lobes are green, the lower side

leaves are yellow and the lowermost blue and black. On the other side of the bag is a different design. At the neck of the bag is a leathern fringe and above this an interrupted double row of beads, the upper beads being yellow and the lower green. At the bottom of the bag, the two folds are cut into a double fringe with eight flaps on each side; these are bordered with beads on the figured side, the colours are two black, two white, two red, and two green; on the other side the colours are more varied. The total length of the bag is 470 mm. and its breadth 200 mm.

53. Youth's Bead-belt of Two Patterns. (Plate I., fig. 53; Plate VII., fig. 53.)

The two patterns indicate that he has lost his father by death or divorce, and has, consequently, gone over to his mother's clan, that is, has become according to tribal law, the son of his maternal grandfather or uncle. Half of the belt is like his father's, the other half like his grandfather's.

The patterns are the symbols of the secret societies of the youth's father and nearest male relative of his mother. Each pattern symbolises not only a clan society but also the degree to which the father or maternal relative had attained. Indian children as a rule are fond of ornament. But no boy willingly wears such an one as this; he is ashamed of being what his white brother would call a "turncoat," and his red companions scoff at as "the boy who has changed his clan like a girl who has married."

In addition to showing what the father's clan and degree were and the mother's next of male kin are (the father having been lost by death or divorce), the belt has its story which is duly related to its unfortunate possessor by his mother, or grandmother, or whosoever wove it. Here is the story of this belt, which belonged to George Little-River till he was a man and released from guardianship: "The story of Little-River, his story when he is Little-River of the Fish Clan, his story when he was Brown Hawk of the Eagle Clan. He is his father's child, Big Catfish's child. He is his mother's child, Sweetwater's child, she bore him. She is the daughter of Big Catfish.

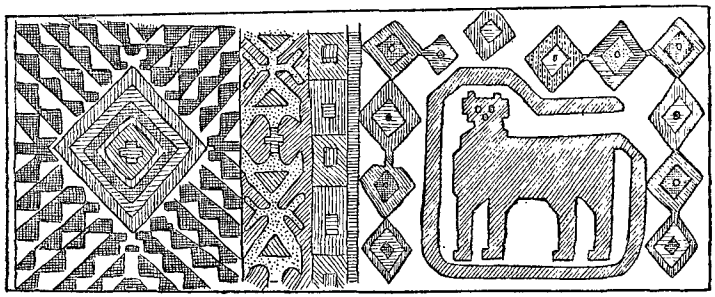
He has her in his wigwam, he has Little-River in his wigwam. Little-River was not there always, he was in the wigwam of his father, in the wigwam of Green Hawk, his father. Green Hawk died, he went over the Ghost Road, he waited for no one. A devil in his breast killed him, a little devil, little and stubborn. It would not come out, it would not come out for the shaman or the dancers; he died by it, though much was spent that the shaman and the dancers might overcome it. He was a brave man. Green Hawk was a brave man, he was a warrior terrible to his enemies, but he could not kill the little devil, he could not overcome it. Great was the mourning for him, Sweetwater and his friends wept blood for him. Now she has gone back to her clan, the clan she was born in, her father's clan, the clan of Big Catfish, her father. She has taken the boy to the clan; he is of the clan; his name is Little-River; he is the beloved of his people; he has forgotten his father, Green Hawk's people; they are his relatives no more. He is truly a son of Big Catfish; his belt puts him in mind of Green Hawk, but Green Hawk's people are not his people. Happy is Big Catfish that he has a young son for his old age. The belt tells it, it tells Little-River everything."

There is no secrecy about this recital, anyone is welcome to hear it. It is chanted instead of spoken, and is never varied by a syllable.

The bead-work of the belt which is shown in Plate VII., fig. 53, is 866 mm. long with an average breadth of 45 mm., and is worked on black threads. The patterns on the two halves of the belt are quite different, the junction of the two patterns and the colour scheme of the belt are shown in Plate I., fig. 53. The lower portion is divided into 4 by the colours of the ground-work, which is black and light blue alternately. On the black background is a pair of central yellow designs, next to these are similar designs in blue, and beyond again are pink. On one blue background is a pair of central designs in black, next to these are similar designs in yellow, and beyond again are pink. The terminal blue portion has a pair of red and yellow designs and is probably unfinished.

54. Man's Medicine Bag. (Fig. 54.)

Has the symbols for woman-with-spots-on-her-face, probably, because she made it; of the shaman, from the idea, perhaps, that any black beads would be lucky, and a representation of an animal which I was told was the owner's totem. This statement I put no faith in, as the creature depicted bears a slight resemblance to a mountain lion and none to the Musquakie totems, which are Eagle, Fox, Bear, Antelope, Beaver, Fish, Raccoon.



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This bag is 110 mm. long and 98 mm. deep, and is made all in one piece. The top is bound with black ribbon, bordered on its lower edge with an incomplete row of beads. The base of the bag is bound with a piece of dark green ribbon, the ends of which project 40 mm. beyond the bag on either side. The ribbon is bordered by rows of variously coloured beads. Fig. 54 shows the design on both sides.

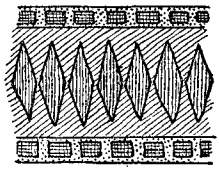
55. "Medicine." (Plate III., fig. 55.)

This eagle's claw was worn as a "medicine" because the owner of it, at the time of his puberty fast, dreamed of an eagle. Before he could be recognized as a man by the tribe, he must have obtained some portion of the bird without harming or causing another to harm it; though, if he saw a bird killed by a hunter who had no knowledge of his need, he might secretly possess himself of a feather or claw; or, it would be no crime for him to steal an old feather, bone, or claw, even from the head-

chief. Ordinarily, if one desire a thing, it is enough to say to the owner "I dreamed of this, give it me"; but for the life-medicine this may not be, as no one may know what the medicine is till death reveals the secret.

56. Shaman's Medicine-bag. (Fig. 56.)

An inconvenient size for carrying inside the shirt, but there it must be kept. Besides his "medicine," it should contain a number of amulets, packets of squirrel, grouse, woodpecker, duck, and cuckoo or "rain-crow" bones, and a pipe or tube for sucking the demons of disease from the bodies of the sick.



56

It has a pattern commonly used on moccasins. It was a gift to the shaman from a woman who believed his pow-wow cured her lame foot.

This bag without a handle measures 165 mm. by 125 mm., it is made on strong leather and lined with red flannel, the bead-work is on one side only. It consists of four broad bands of pink diamonds on a violet ground, separated by yellow bands with black squares or rhomboids, as shown in Fig. 56. The base of the bag has a double leathern fringe, the ends of which are 15 mm. long and 70 mm. long respectively, and the longer strips bear metal bugles at their ends. From one side of the upper edge of the bag depend three strings of alternate plaited red wool and yellow beads, each ending in a red tassel, the strings being essentially similar to those which form the fringe of No. 50.

57. Pipe or Tube for sucking Disease from the Bodies of the Sick. (Plate III., fig. 57.)

The shaman, after some hours of dancing, singing, and praying around his patient, announces that the devil is now stupefied, and that the time has come to draw him out. He then bares the afflicted part of the body, applies the pipe, and sucks with great vigour. From time to time he turns his back to the invalid, spits, shakes his head at the result, and falls to sucking again. Finally, he

announces to the patient and those waiting at the door of the wigwam that he now has the disease-devil, at the same time displaying in his palm a spider, toad, or other little ugly insect or reptile. Immediately the patient is forsaken, all the friends and spectators, led by the shaman himself, escort the devil across a stream of running water. The shaman drops it, then all race back, hand over mouth, lest the devil enter one of them. The pipe is purified by being laid on a hot stone encircled by embers, on which tobacco is sprinkled. After the purification, the pipe is returned to the bag under the shaman's arm.

The tube is made of a grained grey stone and is 125 mm. in length; at one end is an old fracture. The tube is oval in section with flattened sides, the bore is oval at the smaller end and circular at the broken end.

58. Leggings of Fringed Doeskin.

Evidently an old pair, for they are beautifully tanned. The tanning shows that it is the work of a Musquakie woman, the women of this tribe having been famous for their skill at this work. Now they have no deer, and in consequence buy their skins from the Utes, who misuse a skin so that it looks brown and woolly. The Musquakie women have lost the secret of their tanning.

59. Breech-clout or Gee-string of Embroidered Cloth.

Sold by its former owner, a proof that environment affects even a Musquakie. A decade ago a man would have parted with his scalp-lock almost as readily as with this article of his attire. When one was too shabby to wear it was burned, and the ashes scattered. It was a thing to conjure by, and is yet with the old people. Whosoever obtained it had the owner in his power.

60. Pair of Leg-bands or Garters. (Plate II., fig. 60.)

"*Whoo-lau-kee-chee*" is the name applied indifferently to this indispensable article of a dancer's dress, and to brace-

lets. It is a holy name, the Musquakie will tell you, and not to be uttered lightly. A garter is fetish, woven with many prayers and incantations, the shaman being as busy day after day as the woman who weaves the beads. The pair sometimes matches the sash in colour, but never does in pattern. The pattern may be the dancer's society-emblem or merely ornamental, but prayers must go into every inch of it. If the prayers were omitted at any stage of the work, the dancer who wore the garters would spoil the dance by stumbling or making mistakes in the evolutions. The garters are tied over the leggings below the knee, and the fringed ends hang in a long tassel at the outer side of the leg.

In No. 60 the pattern is said to represent the dance-house. Why, no one can explain, as the dance-house is always either round or oval. The small crosses in the diamond figure are to show that the owner has danced for rain, in the Religion dance given by his secret society, and been successful in producing it. The colours, red, blue and green, yellow and white, represent the cardinal points; blue or green (considered one colour) representing the north, yellow the east, white the south, red the west. This means that the dancer has gone around the dance-house without making a mistake.

The weaver's prayer, sung over and over as long as the work goes on, is not displeasing to the ear the first few times it is heard, but, undoubtedly, the good Manito-ah must be considered by his devotees to have cultivated his patience at the expense of his taste for music, if one may judge by the effect of hundreds of repetitions of the said prayer on an ordinary listener.

The prayer, "Whoo-lau-kee-chee, whoo-lau-kee-chee-oc (*oc* is the plural termination), whoo-lau-kee-chee, whoo-lau-kee-chee-oc. Best dancer of all, best dancer of all, pleasing to Manito-ah, pleasing to Manito-ah, who will make him lead perfectly, who has made him lead perfectly,

who will make his legs more supple, who will make his legs more supple, who will make him lead perfectly, who will make him turn perfectly, who will make him lead perfectly, who will make him turn perfectly because he has already done well, because he has already highly honoured Manito-ah in the dance. Help him, good Manito-ah, continue to help him, good Manito-ah, help the dancer, good Manito-ah, and help the old woman to weave his beads well that they may have no fault in them, but be perfectly done and increase his strength."

The bead-work of the leg-bands measures 313 mm. by 72 mm. and the fringe 350 mm. The design is shown in Plate II., fig. 60. The fringe consists of nine braids of wool into which the weaving strings are plaited for a short distance, after which the long ends of the wool are left loose. The outermost and central plaits are blue, the remaining ones are red.

61. Pair of Leg-bands or Garters. (Plate II., fig 61.)

It was worn by Blue Water, a member of the Fish Clan. He discarded it when he attained to high rank in his society. One might call it a beginner's band, though beginners and experts alike wear patterns, if they choose, which are merely ornamental. The black colour in it is "the shaman's colour." Wherever it appears it indicates that the shaman has prayed over the work.

The bead-work of the leg-band is 312 mm. long by 72 mm. broad, and the fringe of plaits and loose ends of red wool is 325 mm. in length.

62. Leg-band made without the Shaman's Symbol. (Plate II., fig. 62.)

The pattern is said to be merely ornamental and worn by a poor man because he could not afford to pay the shaman.

The bead-work of the leg-bands is 325 mm. long by 40 mm. broad, and the fringe, consisting of 7-9 plaits of red wool with loose ends is 288 mm. long. The pattern at each end is shown in Plate II., fig. 62; in the centre is a similar blue design, to the apices of the outer triangles of which is added the design shown at the bottom of the figure.

63. Leg-band worn to prevent Child from having the Measles. (Plate II., fig. 63.)

Symbol of "the-woman-with-spots-on-her-face," or her protecting power. The pattern is taken from the little wooden cubes and triangles she makes, and paints according to her fancy, and then hides in a cranny of her wigwam. Of the objects[1] she has as many as she has spots on her face, and the more she has the greater her power and the more potent the talisman she has not only prayed over but "put herself into" by allowing the bead worker to see the objects and picture them. Only one leg-band of this description is put on a child.

This band, which measures 165 mm. long by 27 mm. broad, is tied on to the leg by a central plait of strings at each end. Above and below this central plait are beaded plaits with double rows of beads as described under No. 50. At one end the bead plaits are alternately pink and dark blue, and at the other end mostly pink. Each plait ends in three beaded strings.

64. Baldrick and Pocket. (Figs. 64a-64d.)

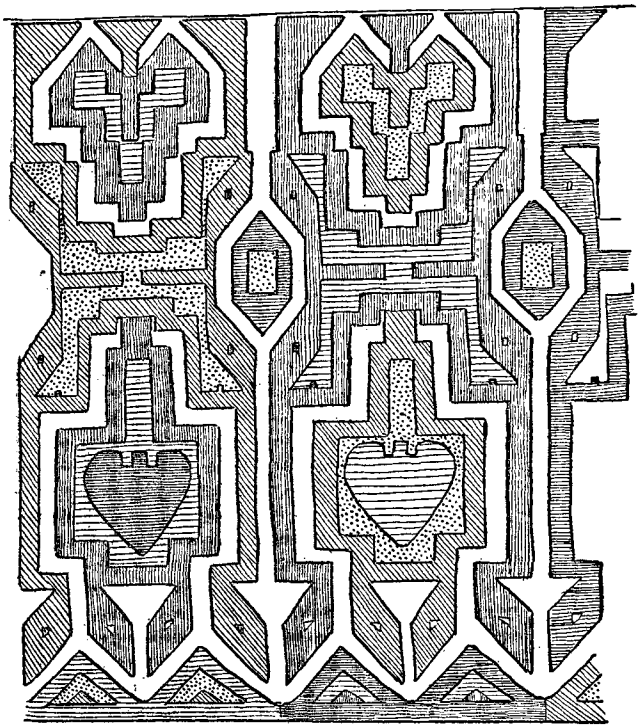
The Indians have no adequate translation of their name for this showy article of dress. Some say, "Maybe so, sack," but the greater number decline to give it an English name. They call it "*wo-yoo*," hider, or a place to hide things. In an involved explanation of its uses they so define it, but they will not call it "the hider" in so many words. They keep in it such things as one finds in a killikinnick-bag.

I cannot find out anything about this, very few men possess one.

The baldrick measures 1110 mm. in length and 120 mm. in breadth, exclusive of the scalloped border of blue beads. The bead-work is mounted on the selvage of a black blanket with a green border. The ends are bound with green ribbon and the sides with red, beyond which projects a scalloped border of blue beads. The centre of the baldrick at the back of the neck has the design shown in Fig. 64c, and

[1] The low-class women of the tribe declare that the women-with-spots play a gambling game with one another using these objects, but this the women themselves deny.

the pattern all down the left side is that shown in the lower half of the figure. For half the length, the ground colouring is the same as is shown in the figure, the following quarter has a turquoise blue ground, with patterns in red, green and blue. In the last quarter, owing to the panels of the ground being worked in dark colours, and each panel in a different colour, the design at first sight appears to be different from the preceding: the patterns are in varied coloured beads.

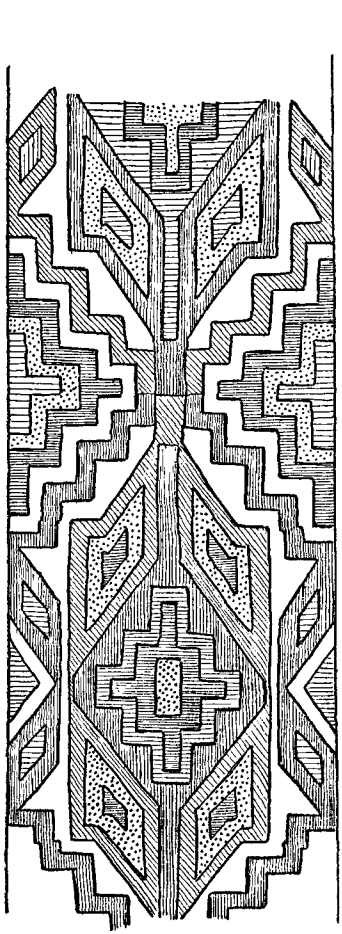


64*a*

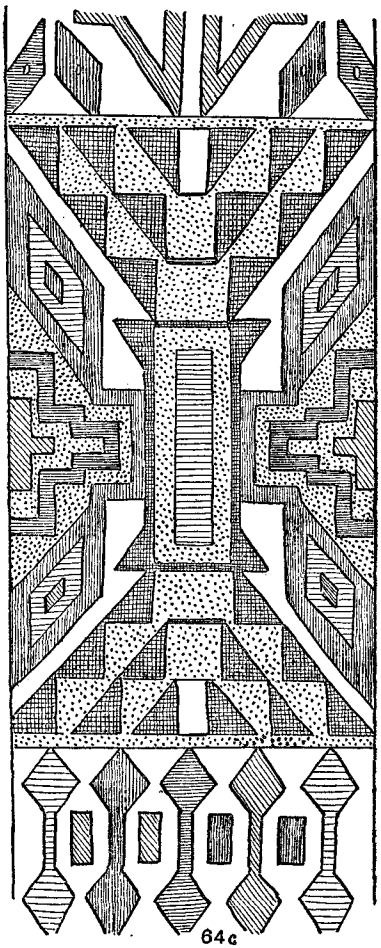
On the right side of the baldrick the pattern is in the main that shown in Fig. 64b, but the upper interspaces between the central designs vary from those shown in the lower interspaces (Fig. 64b).

The pocket is 310 mm. broad and 220 mm. deep, with a narrow cloth flap above, which is fastened down with two hooks and eyes in the middle. A piece of linen lines the bead-work, and, being unattached at the upper edge, thus forms a double pocket. The detail of the

central design of the bead-work is shown in Fig. 64a; the lateral designs are the same, but differ in colour. The fringe consists of 18 bands, 85 mm. long by 15 mm. broad, terminating in ribbon tassels of different colours. The patterns of 1 and 2 are shown to the left of



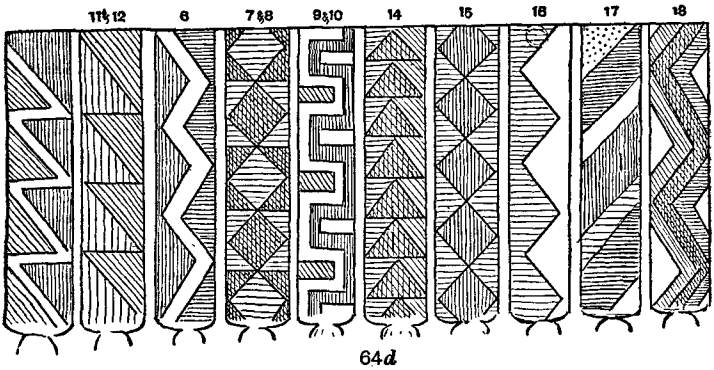
64*b*



64*c*

Fig. 64d, the triangles in the one case being red and green, and in the other, light and dark blue. 3 and 4 and 11 and 12 have the same pattern, the triangles being red and light blue in 3, dark blue and

yellow in 4, pink and green in 11 and 12. 5 and 6 have similar designs, but in the former the triangles are red and green. 7, 8, 9, 10



64*d*

are shown in the figure. 13 and 14 have the same design, but in 13 the dark blue triangles are on a white ground. 15, 16, 17, 18 are shown in the figure.

65. Moccasins.

"By their tracks we know them" is an Indian saying. A man may have a coat, shirt, even his silver and beads from another tribe, but he must wear the shoes of his own people. The pointed Apache boot, the broad Sioux slipper with a stitched-on rawhide sole, the Cheyenne shoe with a tassel at the heel to leave its mark in the dust, the Shoshone shoe with pointed tongue lying high on the ankle, the Musquakie shoe with sole and upper in one piece, are the incontrovertible proofs of origin and affiliation, and the man who changes the style of his shoe is the "turn-coat" despised by all the tribes. A woman married into another tribe changes her shoes with honour, but a man cannot.

66. Shaman's Moccasins.

The shape of those worn by other members of the tribe, but the embroidery is different. The pattern always contains some sprawling black and white lines and patches.

No one claims that they have any special significance, nevertheless they always appear. The shaman's wife or mother is never put to the trouble of making his footwear; it is given him as an additional fee when he cures a patient.

67. Shaman's Horned Bonnet.

This horrible head-dress, made of buffalo horns, strips of stoat or ermine skin, red flannel, eagle's feathers, and wild turkey feathers, is in itself a wonder-worker. The sight of it hanging on a pole is good for minor complaints. This one is old; if it were new, it would not have on it the horns of a buffalo. At best, it would have the horns of a bull of the wild range-cattle. It might even be hornless, and so of little power, merely a badge of the profession. When the shaman dances with a really fine horned bonnet on, he is irresistible, unless some demon has stolen a bonnet like it and is dancing in the woods or underground.

68. Shaman's Coat of Painted and Beaded Buckskin.

Worn till he grows so warm in the dance that he has to throw it off. It is a poor and unhonoured shaman who has not one or more of these garments, scarce as buckskin has become, for a coat is the standard for fees as a pony (two pounds) is a standard for barter. A shaman will say he will charge a coat, or a half coat, or a quarter, or even a smaller fraction.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.[1]

69. Dancer's Hand Rattle of Hide filled with Stones.

Every dancer adds what he can to the din that keeps time to the dancing. Above the boom of the great drum

[1] The following information was sent by the authoress in a letter to Mr. Hartland:

"You ask me to name those musical instruments. I can't do it in Indian very well. They give the English names—the Indians, I mean—and make the signs for the Musquakie names. Some objects have no name except this pantomime that can't be put into a catalogue. For ꝑ rattle, an Indian, a Musquakie—or any other Algonquin that ever I ſaw—makes a swishing

and the "yi-yi" of voices which is the red man's equivalent of singing, is heard a sound like hail falling on water. It is caused by rattles held in the hands, or bound above the garters, on the knees of the dancers. This sort is the favourite because it is the noisiest. It is not considered sacred or treated with any respect when not in use, but is stuck in a rift in the wigwam, or left on the floor for the children to play with. One was found by a visitor among a litter of puppies.

sound through his teeth and motions as if he were shaking a rattle. If he wishes you to understand that he refers to a turtle-rattle he gives a sidewise jerk as if he were rolling off a log into the water. If he refers to a knee-rattle he gives the sign and then touches his knee. Sometimes 'Ma-see-ka' is said; the word means turtle. For a drum, he says, 'Toom-toom' (not 'tom-tom') and imitates the pounding with his right hand and arm, generally, though 'lay-ow-low-see' is the word for it.

The courting flute is 'way-ne-lo,' but the word is not used. Instead, one points to a woman or bends his head as if he were a woman with a burden and with his fingers and lips imitates a flute-player.

The ghost-whistle is 'wah-now-skee-way-ne-lo,' but the word is unlucky and is not used. The sign is to make rings of your thumbs and fore-fingers and place them round your eyes to indicate the great hollow eyes of a ghost, then purse up the lips as if about to whistle, at the same time pointing the index finger of the right hand from the lips as if it were a whistle, and then the arms are widely extended and then brought together on the breast as if embracing some one. If one does this after pointing to a person, thus indicating that the person in question is a ghost-whistler, a hair-pulling is sure to follow. A man will often start a fight thus if he wants a lock of hair for a 'soul-protector.' Of course he runs the risk of losing a lock and being otherwise damaged.

I suppose you would call the turtle from which the rattles are made a terrapin. That is what it really is, the mud terrapin or tortoise (*Cinosternum pennsylvanicum*). It must not be confused with the *Cinosternum odoratum*, though it too has a musky odour. It is found only in America and we call it the 'mud-turtle.'

A man paints on his drum a bit of family history—his own or an ancestor's.

He decorates his turtle-rattle as he does his scalp-lock, but he does not seem to have any superstitious reason for it. He sells the rattle with the ornaments on it, though nothing but the most profound trust and affection would induce him to part with his scalp-lock ornaments to his friend.

A calf's hide rattle has on it a bit of ribbon or horse-hair of no significance.

A lover ornaments his flute with some bit of finery he has persuaded his sweetheart's little brother or sister to steal for him."

70. Dancer's Hand Rattle of Turtle-shell.

This is of great antiquity, and fetish. When not in use it was not kept in the house of the owner, but in a basket in the dance-house, beside the great drums. Before taking it out of the dance-house a blue glass bead (an imitation of turquoise), or a feather of the golden-winged woodpecker (*Colaptes auratus*) was burned in its honour by the shaman. The bead or feather was dropped on hot embers brought from the fire outside on which the soup was prepared for the dancers. It was thrown on as the owner lifted the rattle from the basket. Before the owner began to dance, he had the privilege of taking the rattle into his wigwam for a few moments.

71. Dancer's Knee Rattle of Turtle-shell.

Treated with the same respect as the hand rattle of turtle-shell. Not rendered fetish by being pow-wowed. Any dancer may go out and find a turtle, make a rattle of its shell, place the rattle in a basket, carry it to the dance-house, and, immediately after, if he chooses to take it out for a dance, summon the shaman to burn his bead or feather.

72. Dancer's Prayer Drum.

This drum or tambourine is not used in the great Religion dance. A man takes it with him when he goes into the forest to pray aloud. He keeps time on it with his hands as he intones his supplications. He also carries it in the Corn-Planting dance and sings a song to its accompaniment as he marches round the field. When not in use, he hides it in his wigwam.

73. Young Man's Courting Flute.

When a young man has obtained the privilege of paying his addresses to a girl, he serenades her with this instrument, all night, for three or four months.

74. Whistle to call Ghosts. (Plate VIII., fig. 74.)

This is an instrument accursed. In former times any man or woman found possessing one was burned at the stake. Whistling with the lips is dangerous and unlawful, for it might attract the attention of a wandering ghost, but whistling with this instrument is a shocking crime. According to Musquakie belief, it summons myriads of ghosts to dance and make bad medicine. If a name is mentioned directly after the whistling the one who bears it will die before the year is out. If no name is mentioned, the tribe will be visited with pestilence and plagues of all sorts. The possessor of a whistle is sure to be beaten if found out.

The whistle is made of wood and is 175 mm. in length, a leathern string is tied on to it.

MISCELLANEOUS OBJECTS.

75. Shaman's Medicine Horn. (Plate VIII., fig. 75.)

Every shaman has one or two nicely scraped and polished horns, which he wears at his belt. The old ones, like this, are buffalo horns; the new ones are of the bulls of the barnyard and range-cattle. Usually, the horns are kept full of a variety of bitter herbs, from which on occasion the shaman brews himself nauseous draughts. When the potions have been prepared in another vessel, they are poured into the horn and drunk from it. He takes a hornful before he begins to pow-wow, or prophesy, dances, or rather, whirls for a few seconds, goes into the sweat-lodge and pours another hornful on a hot stone, inhales the fumes and then goes at his work, whatever it is. The combined effect of the two hornfuls is supposed to give him great powers of divination and healing. A plaited loop of black and white horse-hair, which ends in a long tuft, is attached to the horn.

76. Shaman's Wand. (Plate VIII., fig. 76.)

A power that was. The shaman used to carry it into battle, where it not only helped the Musquakies to fight,

but also raised their dead. The scalp-locks were cut from the heads of shamans who had assisted their enemies. The skin in the middle is a bear-scalp, the "medicine" that brought the dead to life; as the bear is a great healer, and his strength is in his scalp.

This specimen consists of a rough stick 980 mm. in length with the bark on. Near the upper end is a disk, 80 mm. in diameter, covered on one side with red flannel and edged with white beads; fastened on it is a disk of red flannel about 50 mm. in diameter, edged with brown feathers; the disk has a dark border and is decorated with an equal-armed cross of translucent and green beads, at the end of each of the four arms of the cross is a brass bead. Fastened to the stick below this are two leather strings, each bearing two white beads and a terminal claw.

Near the centre of the stick is a shield of red flannel, 240 mm. long and 110 mm. broad, it has a rounded upper end, the sides are roughly parallel to one another, and the lower end is produced into two equal scallops; it is bound round with white beads. A semicircular piece of skin is fastened to the upper portion of the shield, to this three tassels of coloured ribbons and one brass bead are fastened. Below the skin is a row of four (originally six) brass beads; below this, two rolls of white and red beads; these are followed by a long spiral of brass wire; below this are two rows of blue and white beads, separated by a row of six brass beads. Each of the four beaded rolls or bands consists of a central broad band of white beads with two coloured and two white narrower bands on each side. Below the lowermost band of beads are six triangles of white beads and six brass beads, followed by another spiral of brass wire; in each terminal scallop are three brass beads. A piece of skin with white fur passes through and projects beyond the ends of each brass spiral tube. On each side of the shield is a strip of skin, with white fur bound round its middle with red flannel, which is bound round with coloured beads; below the beads the skin is cut into three narrow strips. Above the shield are three long tassels of black and dark brown hair the upper part of each of which is bound round with cloth and beads.

Below the shield is a small disk of leather, 43 mm. in diameter, bordered with turquoise blue beads. The surface of the disk is covered with a continuous spiral of beads composed of an outer circle of dark blue and two concentric circles each of pink and turquoise blue. There is a central brass bead.

The two disks and the shield are tied on the stick with leathern strings.

77. Shaman's Pouch, of Mink-skin, with Sacred Feathers.

No account given of this object. It appears to be fetish, for when the shaman put it on, the squaws confessed that they were afraid. He wore it at the great council, and sold it when the council was over. It had in it, when he parted with it, nothing but a piece of otter fur. Everyone was surprised when he parted with it, as it was very old and had been used many times.

78. Peace-pipe, of Catlinite, with Carved and Twisted Stem.

"*Lau-no-way-watch-o-nee-tar*," the Musquakies call it, "the blessed, or beloved, pipe." This one belonged to the whole tribe, not to a clan. It was smoked by the head-chief's council and those with whom they had just concluded a peace. The bowl is catlinite, a red pipe-stone named after George Catlin, the artist and student of Indian life. There is but one mine of this stone. It is in Pipestone County, Minnesota; and thither all Indians must resort for the stone from which they manufacture ceremonial pipes and cups. The stem of this *lau-no-way* is of hickory, shaped and twisted by the agency of knives, fire and water. The wood was soaked till it was pliable, then twisted by the application of fire in pith. Last of all, it was smoothed and cut by the knife. The trimming is not quills but coloured grass, and was the only work done by a squaw. The pipe was used once by a drunken chief; if it had not been, it would not have been sold.

79. Tomahawk or War-Pipe (*Etha-way-na-lau-no-way*).

Bowl and stem of catlinite. Used in the ceremony, "Burying the hatchet," which is now only an historical drama to illustrate what the tribal historian relates. As he tells of the burial of the hatchet after a peace was cemented by a peace-smoke and the interchange of wampum, the young men take the hatchet-pipe from his hands and go away as if to bury it. Formerly, it

was buried, to be dug up privately next day, but now it is merely hidden in the wigwam where it is kept. Once, the digging up and smoking of the war-hatchet were impressive ceremonies, but they are now forbidden by the chiefs. Of old, when the tribe was ready for war every warrior of the tribe, and every ally, stripped to the skin, painted himself black, and stood near the war-chief while he dug up the hatchet, filled it with killikinnick, and lighted it at the head-chief's council-fire; and then, beginning with the head-chief himself, all smoked in turn and raised the war-cry. While the warriors remained on the war-path, the war-pipe was kept in the dance-house watched over by the old men. When the tribe was fleeing before its enemies, an old man of the chief's council carried it.

80. Bow, Arrows, and Quiver.

Used only by the historian, who aims, as he recounts the deeds of a hero, sometimes at a mark, sometimes at an animal. The arrows would be more satisfactory if they were tipped with stone, but the bow could not be better. It is of *bois d'arc*, wrapped with deer-sinew and with a well-twisted sinew-cord. The quiver is of good buckskin and was the only one left in the tribe.

81. Bow and Arrows.

These, once the property of a famous prophet and medicine-man, were used in the last battles against the whites. The shaman claimed that the arrows knew his voice and the singing of their own bow, and returned to his hand when he spoke, and fitted themselves to the cord. The exhibition of them at the council was forbidden by the chiefs, as it was likely to inflame the minds of the young men, and cause them to wage disastrous warfare with their neighbours.

82. Man's Club.

Used by the historian to illustrate the old manner of warfare.

83. Woman's Club.

Used by the women in their societies to illustrate what was of old a woman's work on the battlefield, which was to brain the wounded before a retreat, so as to prevent their being tortured by the enemy, and to break the limbs of the wounded enemy, if they were victorious. Sometimes also, they disfigured the dead with clubs as well as knives, so that if those who scalped them took them into the spirit-land as slaves, they would have the additional misfortune to be disfigured there.

84. Whip or Quirt.

Once a ceremonial object. It was used to give the children the one flogging of their lives to test their endurance before the puberty feast. Now, floggings are discontinued, and the whip has gone out of fashion.

85. Woman's Cloth Prayer-mat.

The honourable women, the women who are the mothers of healthy sons or, failing that, have conferred some other great benefit on the tribe, are entitled to a seat on the ground near the council fire, and between the rows of dancers when a Religion dance is in progress. Some meekly sit in the dust, but the greater number make for themselves mats of cloth or grass. A woman who wishes to be considered exclusive has a small one, while a matron who courts popularity has one on which a half-dozen or more of her friends can sit with her. When one wishes to add her own prayers to those for which she has paid the shaman, she takes her mat to the woods, and sits or stands upon it while she entreats the aid of her totem or the Manito-ah. When her sons and

husband lay wagers on the ball-game or horse-race, they borrow her cloth mat and use it as a betting blanket, that is, a cloth on which are piled the sums or objects wagered.

86. Woman's Grass Prayer-mat.

This may not be used as a betting blanket; otherwise, it serves the purposes of its owner, as does the cloth one. Very few women can weave a close, smooth grass mat, though many make the attempt when first married, for a bridegroom's first gift to his bride is the bone needle, of his own manufacture, which is used to push the grass in and out of the warp of twine or strips of the inner bark of the elm. He has no loom for her, he merely cuts her two poles which she lays on the ground at a distance apart, which measures the length of her mat, and to them attaches the ends of her twine or bark.

87. Dancer's Cup.

It is not a dancer's cup, though it is so called; it is the cup in which he is given soup while he is dancing. There are but few of these catlinite cups in the tribe, and they are owned by old women. As there are not enough of them to serve every one, only the most distinguished dancers receive them; the rest have to be content with gourds and tin cups. The women never drink from a dancer's cup.

88. Dancer's Spoon.

The leader of the dance has a right to the choicest morsels of the meat and vegetables taken from the bottom of the soup-pot. These morsels are offered in a wooden bowl, and he helps himself from it with a wooden spoon which is given him by the old man who has made it, or had it given to him when *he* was a

dancer. The older the spoon the more of an honour it is to receive it. It is an utensil that conduces to awkwardness; for, ordinarily, your Musquakie picks up his meat in his fingers.

89. Dancer's Wooden Bowl.

Used for the meat and vegetables in the bottom of the soup-pot when the honourable women are feeding the dancers. Owned by the tribe, manufactured by a man, taken care of by the honourable women; it is never used at a private feast, nor eaten from by a woman.

90. Stone Axe for killing White Dog.

For ordinary work a Musquakie squaw employs the steel axe of the white man, but for ceremonials the stone implement of her forefathers must be used. If the dog of sacrifice were killed by the axe of civilization, the sacrifice would be wasted or turned against the giver of it. The dog is struck on the back of the head and the axe at once put out of sight.

91. Parfleche of Painted Buffalo Hide.

Supposed by the old people to have been sent from the Manito-ah, at the time of famine, full of buffalo meat. A young man of exemplary piety was so moved by the sufferings of his people that he prayed until he fell down in a swoon. When he recovered consciousness he found himself in the presence of the Manito-ah and the totems, who fed him and then sent him back to earth on a great bird, with the parfleche full of meat in his arms. When the meat had fed all the tribe, the parfleche was, according to the instructions given by the totems, set out of doors and left over night. In the morning all sorts of game had collected round it, and the hunters killed enough to last the rest of the winter. For a long time the parfleche held a dancer's costume, but it was finally sold by a poor widow who had no sons to care for it.

92. Pestle and Mortar.

These two rough pieces of wood the Indians call a mill, and with them make the sacred meal. Formerly, all the meal, whether made from maize, beans, or acorns, was pounded in this primitive mortar. But, for a long time, it has been the custom of the Musquakies to buy flour and meal from the white people for ordinary consumption; so now the mill has become a ceremonial object, only brought out before a dance feast or funeral feast to prepare the maize, nuts, and cherries in the old way.

93. Woman's Bone Needle.

A woman's first present from her bridegroom. She uses it when she makes her grass prayer-mat.

94. Needle-case and Quills.

The needle-case is of buffalo-intestine. The porcupine quills are both needles and thread to the embroiderer as she presses them into the buckskin she is adorning. Quills are scarce, and very few squaws know how to dye them without spoiling them, and fewer still embroider with them, nearly everyone preferring beads and ribbons.

95. Pin-case and Thorns.

The squaws as a rule are more ready to adopt new fashions than the men; but one old fashion they cling to, while the men do not—the fashion of using the thorns of the honey-locust (*Gleditschia triacanthos*) instead of the brass pins of civilization.

96. Woman's Loom for Beadwork.

There is nothing remarkable about this simple little machine, excepting that the holes for the threads are burned instead of bored or cut. When a squaw is asked "why," she answers "must be," and not another word can she be made to say. When her husband does not

make one for her, she takes a straight piece of bark and makes holes in it with a fish bone or needle, and this seems to keep her threads in place as well as the other. When asked why she does not burn holes in the bark, she shakes her head and smiles.

97. Awl-case.

Every Musquakie has an awl which he or she puts to use as a white neighbour would both awl and needle, that is, if one used needle and thread separately. But, more than this, the awl is fetish. It must have a pretty case, and be kept in it for hours of repose as if it were a living workman. The woman makes the case, saying many sing-song prayers as she works at it.

98. Baby-carrier.

An extremely convenient cradle. When the papoose is securely fastened into it, he can be borne on his mother's back as she goes about her daily toil, or he can be stood up against the wigwam wall, or slung from the wigwam poles or the branches of a tree for his mother to rock, by moving a string fastened to her wrist or foot. Often toys and fetishes are fastened to the front of it; and, no matter how simple they are, they will keep him amiably staring by the hour. The father and mother both work on the carrier. He makes the woodwork; she does what sewing is necessary.

99. Herb-basket.

Made of the inner bark of the hickory, and painted (unfortunately) with the ugly pigments of the white trader; the old dyes the squaws extracted from roots and berries were beautiful. Used by the honourable women to hold simples.

100. Saddle.

Sometimes used by squaws.

101. Child's Toy Turtle.

Both plaything and fetish.

102. Child's Doll.

Plaything and fetish, or, perhaps, victim. Disease may be drawn from the child to the doll, as the child plays with it.

103. Child's Bow and Arrows.

All the little boys, and many of the little girls, are skilful archers. They use the sharp arrows to kill rabbits and squirrels; the blunt one to break the necks of birds and field-mice.

104. Bat.

For a game similar to la crosse. It is not fetish; nevertheless fire and water must be employed for its manufacture. The wood is rendered pliable by being soaked in running water; the holes are made by fire. The ball is a common rubber one bought from the white trader.

105. Shaman's Bat.

While the game is in progress a shaman stands at either end of the ball-ground, each with a very long-handled bat, which he holds high while he whirls round and round, praying for the success of his side. The successful players receive no credit; it all goes to the shaman. The shaman whose side loses gets no pay. The bat is generally a very old one, "handed down" from its owner's teacher and predecessor. He "makes medicine" over it, in the sweat-lodge, before each game.

106. Shaman's Prayer-mat of Buffalo-hide.

A poor specimen, but the only one that could be obtained. The shaman stands on his mat and prays

before and after the Buffalo dance. As he continually stamps and whirls, he soon wears out a mat; and as "buffalo-robes" are scarce and dear, his followers have trouble in keeping him supplied.

107. Photographs.

Evidences of a new fashion and a change of opinion on the part of the Musquakies. A few years ago not one of them would have dared to have his picture taken, lest it fall into the hands of an enemy, who, injuring the picture, would thereby injure the original.

108. Model of Summer Tent.

Very good as to shape, but misleading as to material. The cone-shaped summer or travelling tent has hickory poles, and a covering of cowskins sewed together. Its shape proclaims that it is a temporary convenience, the permanent wigwam for summer or winter being mound-shaped.

109. Divorce Sticks.

When a husband and wife have agreed to disagree publicly and permanently, they go hand in hand, the morning after the head-chief's council fire is lighted, to the members of the council, and the one who first suggested "parting" asks for a divorce. To the one asking, a councillor hands from a bundle he keeps ready for the purpose a dry twig. The one receiving it hands it to the unsatisfactory mate, who should break it and drop the fragments on the ground. Occasionally the Old Adam gets the better of etiquette, and Mr. Musquakie (it is almost always that the woman applies for the divorce, few men being willing to give up their minor children) so far forgets his dignity as to fling the bits of stick in madam's face. When the stick is broken, both the man and the woman are free to marry at once,

and sometimes do so. No one loses caste by reason of a divorce, but there is no flute playing, no long courtship for a divorced woman or a widow. If a divorced man marries a girl, he must pay his court to her as a bachelor would.

MUSQUAKIE BEADWORK

PLATES I.-VIII.

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MUSQUAKIE BEADWORK

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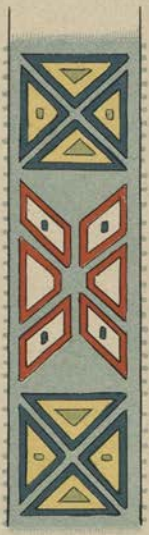

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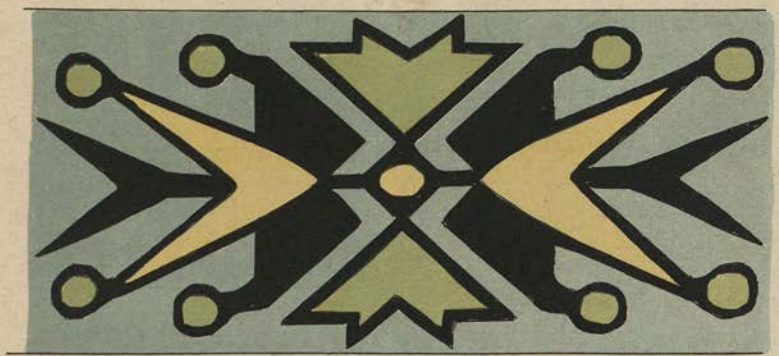

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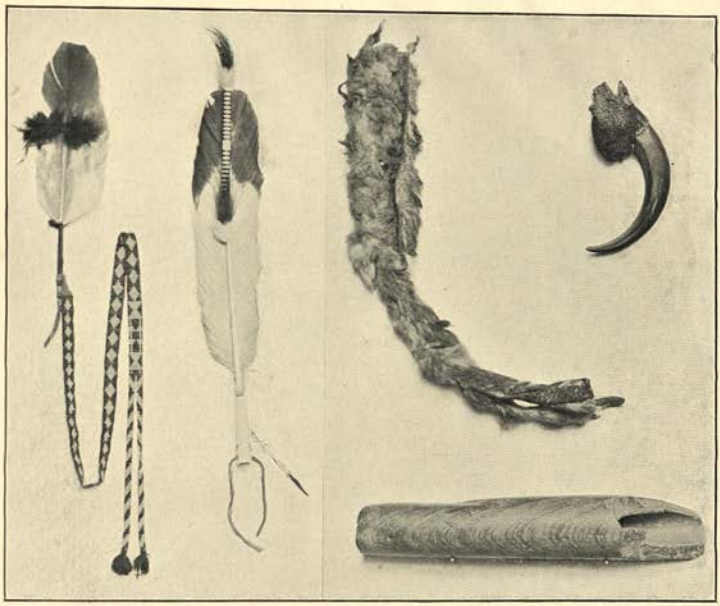

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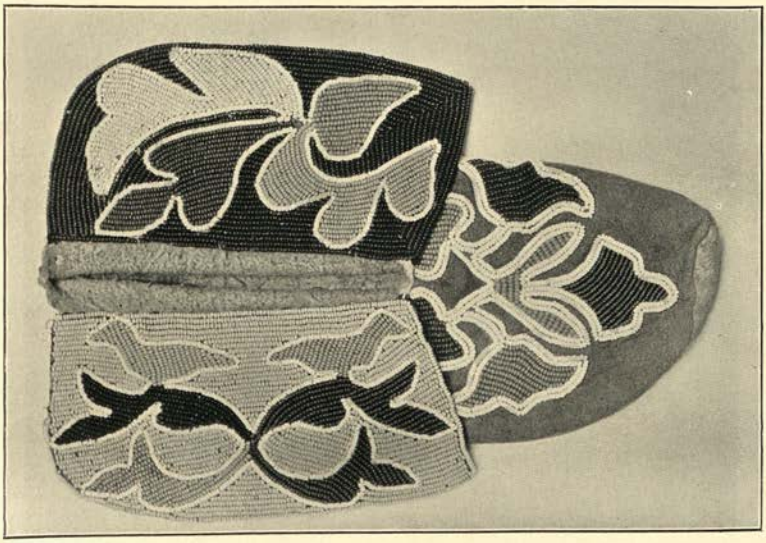

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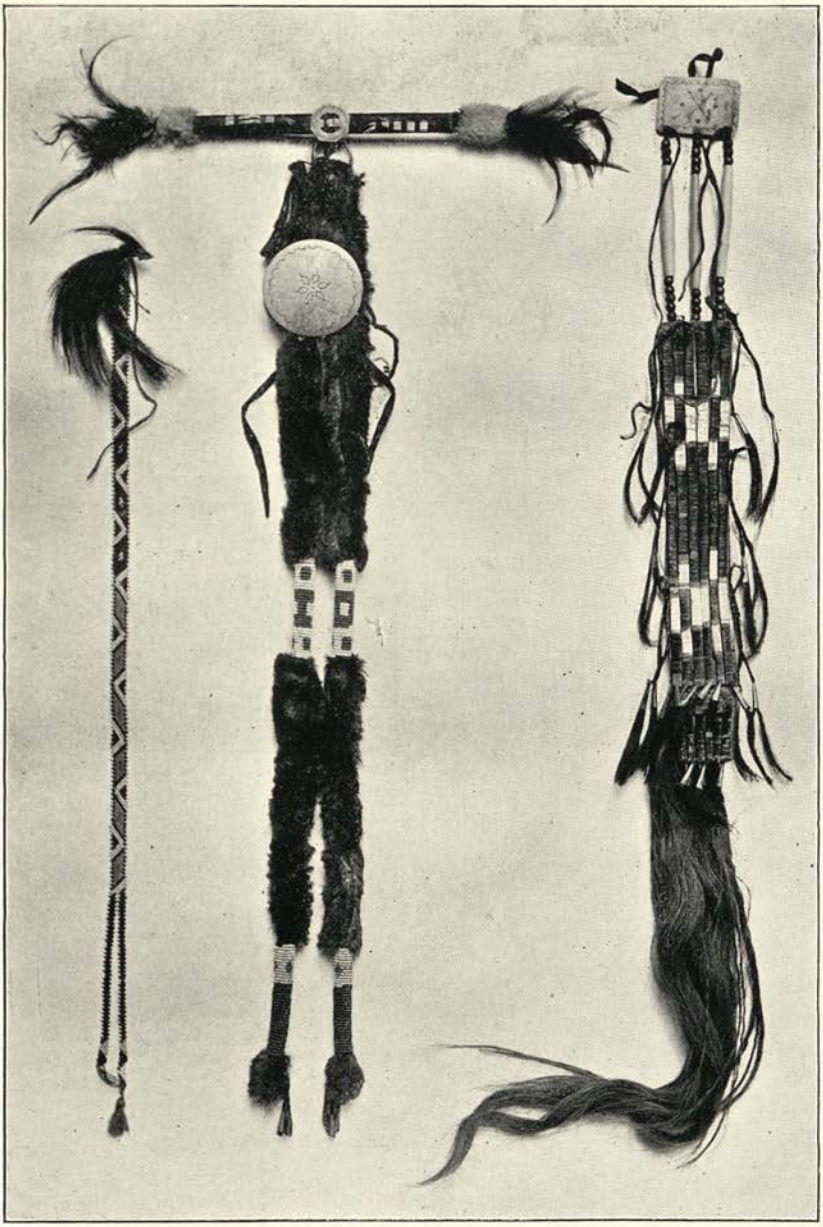

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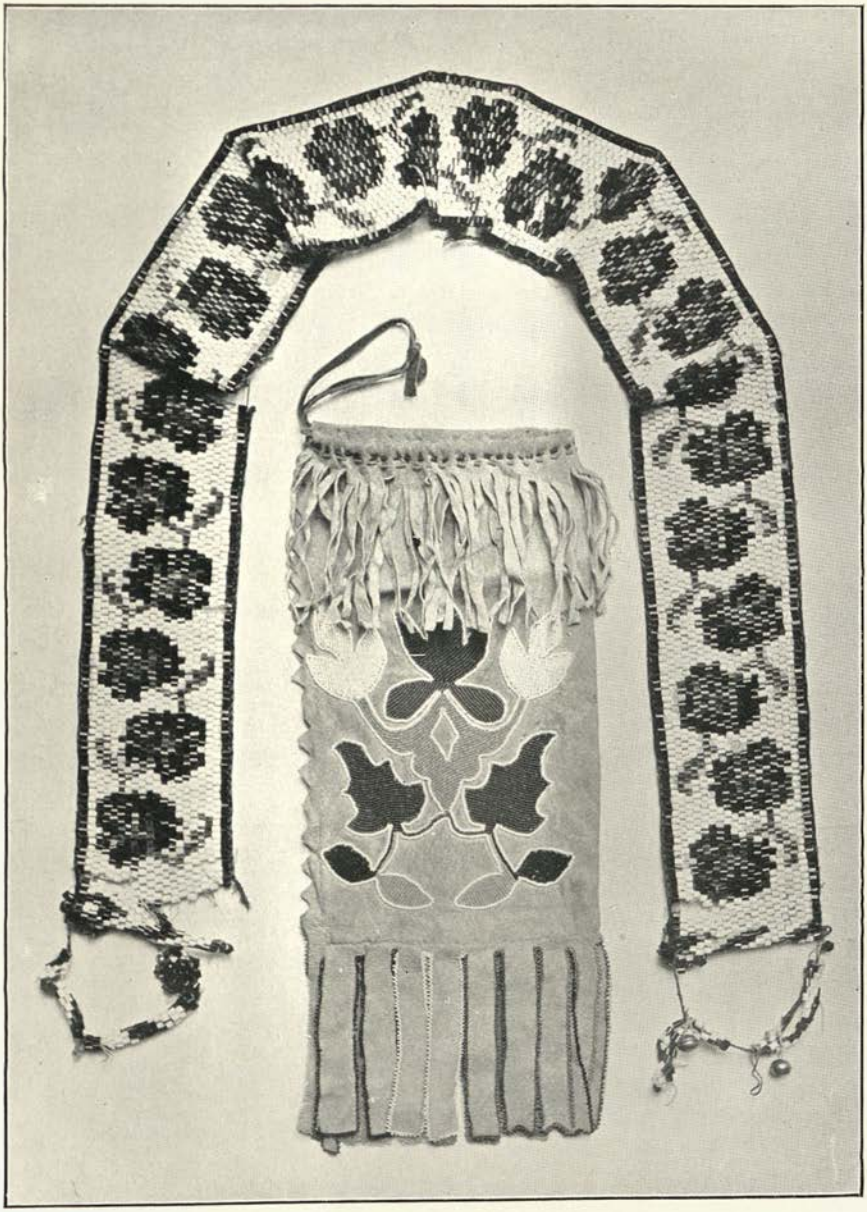

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MUSQUAKIE BEADWORK

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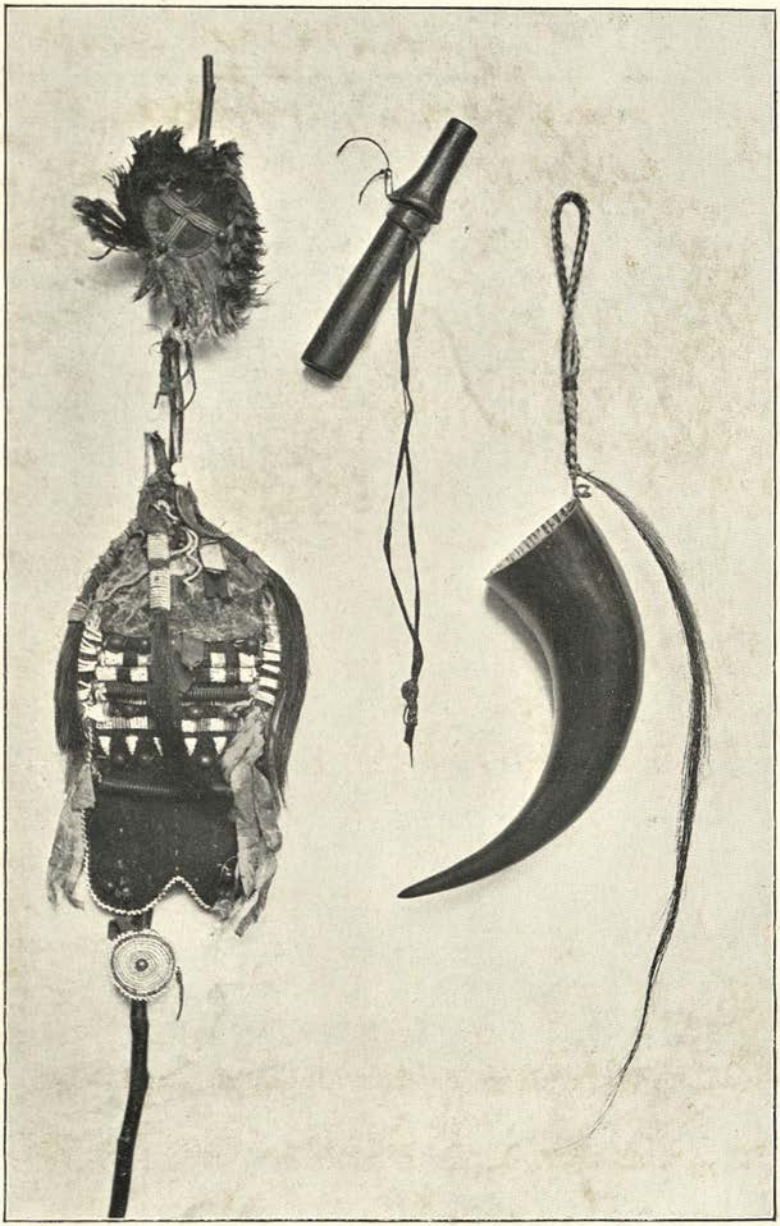

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MUSQUAKIE BEADWORK

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